

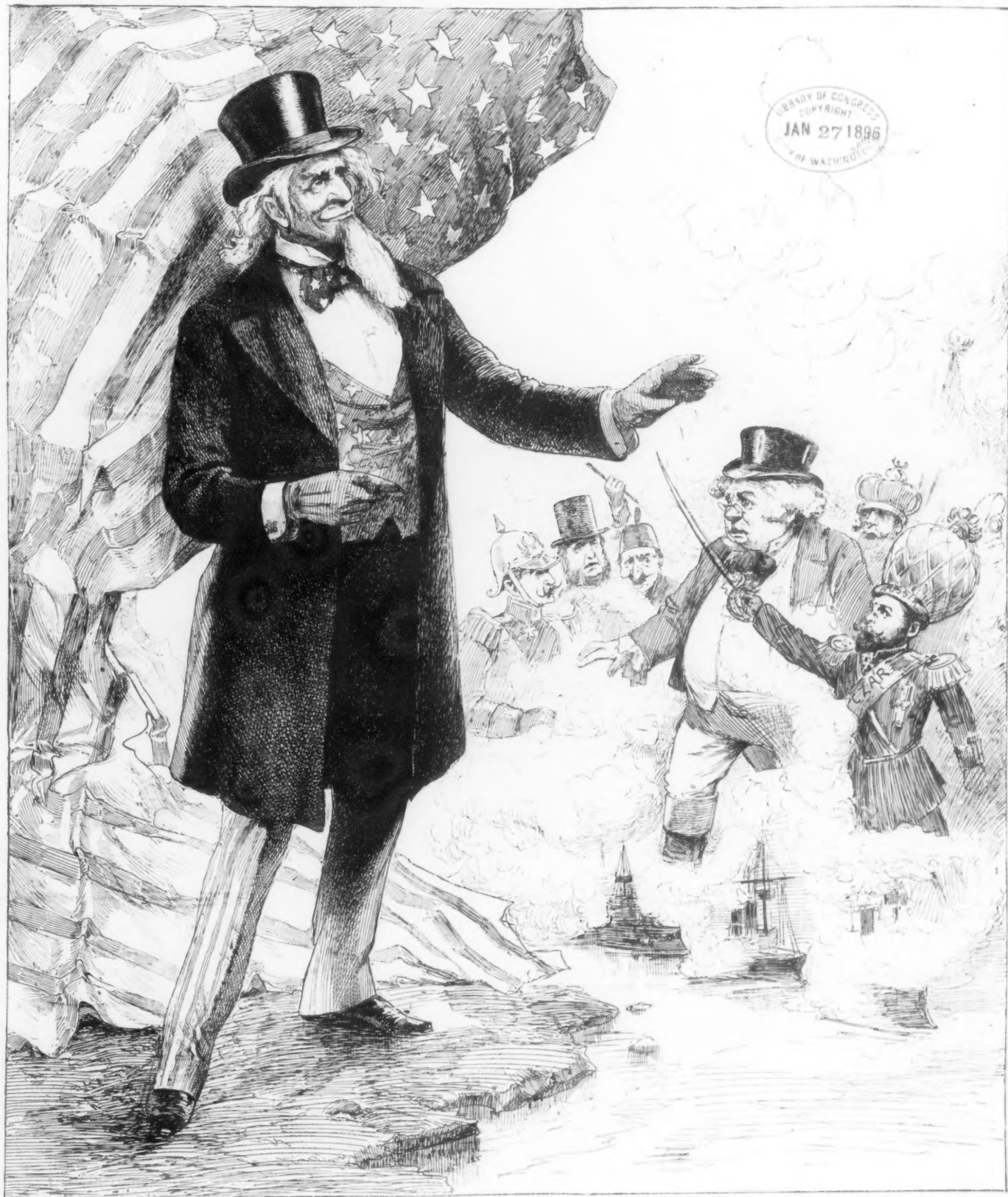
COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 23, 1896.

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SO GOOD OF THE CZAR! BUT—COUNT U.S. OUT.

CZAR NICHOLAS SAID THAT ENGLAND WOULD FIND NOT ONLY FRANCE, GERMANY AND RUSSIA AGAINST HER, BUT THE UNITED STATES ALSO.—Cable Dispatch.



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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1896.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE enlargement of the WEEKLY to 36 pages has been abandoned at the request of subscribers, who, by a large majority, prefer to get the new, copyrighted novels in book form as heretofore. The WEEKLY and FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY will therefore continue to be mailed to subscribers as usual. There is no comment to make on this decision of our patrons; it is their tastes and wishes that we aim to regard in every instance. The Library is an established institution, it seems, and a change to any other form is not desired. Subscribers who have not received it, may obtain Mrs. B. M. Croker's novel, "Married or Single?" complete, by remitting postal order for twenty-five cents. The Library will continue to print the best new, up-to-date, copyrighted novels by the greatest living authors. In the next issue of the WEEKLY we shall present a number of new departments of great public interest, an object that was in view when the enlargement to 36 pages was made.

That cry about common kindred, tongue and literature has a very familiar sound. We have heard it before frequently during troublous times; and yet when it rushed over here the other day through the Atlantic Cable it proved not unwelcome music. I am alluding, of course, to that famous editorial in the London *Standard*, which it is reasonable to suppose was inspired by the British Government.

The *Standard* being the recognized mouthpiece of British Conservatism, if not the particular private organ of the British Prime Minister, its expressions are naturally conceded an importance and weight greater even than those of the London *Times*. When it first discussed President Cleveland's Monroe Doctrine message it was almost savage in denunciation. It declared that the American people in general were haters of the English people and Government, and that President Cleveland's message was an unwarrantable interference with British rights and interests that could not be permitted under the circumstances. England had put her foot down firmly and was not to be moved. Lord Salisbury could not admit American pretensions and could not be expected to yield one inch.

And yet it is only a few weeks and another quite different tune is heard. Hear how the London *Standard* now sings: "We gladly take the opportunity of bearing testimony to the magnanimous attitude of the American nation toward us at the moment when communities less generous thought, apparently, that a favorable opportunity had arisen for adopting toward us a tone of insult if not of menace. Instead of taking advantage of the augmentation of our anxieties and the temporary multiplication of our assailants, the American people,

with a spirit that does them honor, and which is appreciated by us, have not only abstained from endeavoring to add to our perplexities, but where they did not actually offer us their sympathy they have maintained an honorable, courteous reserve."

From which it would seem that the British Government were rather expecting us to jump on them when down and crush the national pride out of them when troubles other than those of the Monroe Doctrine loomed threateningly in the diplomatic horizon. There has never been anything in our history to justify such ignoble expectations. The United States Government and people have ever maintained a firm and dignified reserve or neutrality. They have never sought to meddle with the affairs of other nations. They have never been aggressors, or mischief-makers. Why then is it that the *Standard* with double leads and all the well-known tricks of the journalistic trade seeks to magnify into such undue importance the regular ordinary attitude of this country in the case of difficulties between its older sisters across the seas? Of course there is a good reason for it, but it is not the reason given by the *Standard* when it raises again that old cry of common ancestry and literature.

The sincerity of the *Standard* would be less unquestioned now had this familiar old cry and this very remarkable change of front come a little earlier in the day—say before that South African unpleasantness and before that rough and unceremonious congratulatory message of "the young War Lord" of Berlin. But let us not be too particular or exacting. The essential fact is that the change of front has come, no matter what motives may lie behind it. It must be welcomed as the beginning of a peaceful solution of ugly problems. For it is not to be supposed that Lord Salisbury is only trying to allay for the moment our national appetite for excitement—as has been broadly intimated by a certain very prominent anti-Jingo organ—only to surprise us later on with a very large dish of disappointment by settling this Venezuelan difficulty directly with Venezuela herself regardless of the letter and spirit of our cherished Monroe Doctrine. It is strange that this anti-Jingo journal, which was before so eager to calm the excitement, should now be engaged in an effort to stir up bad blood again by suggesting that Great Britain is capable of such base ingratitude. The common kindred, *et cetera*, would have to take a back seat again were British intentions such as are represented in this extract from the anti-Jingo organ:

"Our Government with all its Jingo effervescence in this matter has put itself in a position where it cannot object to any settlement of the boundary dispute to which Venezuela may assent. England may take all the territory she claims or wants, may gather in everything in sight by purchase or other considerations acceptable to Venezuela, and so long as Venezuela is satisfied the United States will have nothing to say. In other words, the new or Cleveland-Olney version of the Monroe Doctrine seems to be 'any amount of Venezuelan soil by bargain, but not a square mile by coercion'—which elastic principle must of course equally apply to every other boundary dispute between a South American Republic and a European Power."

This suggestion is based on an obscure passage of President Cleveland's message, but it goes without saying that England would not attempt any such game as that outlined. Its effect could only be to raise a greater storm of indignation than ever—a storm which would be sure to result in actual hostilities. Neither England nor the United States seeks such a result. But the bare suggestion serves to show the wisdom of the commission idea. The able men appointed will go on with their work in spite of the pleasant, sugary words of the *Standard*, and if it is possible to find the true boundary line they will mark it in no uncertain terms.

If anything were wanting to mark the improved British attitude toward arbitration it would be furnished in the Manchester speech of Mr. Balfour on the 15th inst. The Conservative leader shows how deep is the desire to prevent anything like serious misunderstanding between the two countries. It shows also that England intends to exhaust all peaceful means for settlement before undertaking war.

COUNT US OUT.

It was very good of the Czar to name the United States as one of the Great Powers; but when he proceeded to state that Great Britain would find this country joining with Germany, Russia and France against her in the proposed contest over the Transvaal Republic and its treaty rights in South Africa, Nicholas II. must have forgotten the warning of President Washington against entangling alliances. We should look nice indeed meddling in the Transvaal case against the very Power whose encroachments in Venezuela distresses us because we do not take a hand in Old World affairs and do not want the Old World to meddle with the Western Continent! The Czar, by the way, hardly had time to think his proposal over, after speaking it, when Great Britain proceeds to protect Americans in the Transvaal as though they were British subjects.

True, Russia is a friend of ours, and we did her a favor when we paid her for Alaska in 1867. But even for a friend we cannot afford to go so far afield for

trouble when we have so much of it around home. Though we are one of the Great Powers, we are not looking for trouble, and do not believe in the old notion that Governments are instituted among men to pay off historic grudges. Czar Nicholas being a young man, and said to be progressive in many respects, might have known better than to count us in, in the Transvaal deal. Being a friend of ours, we will not resent his hasty utterance that ingenuously presumes on our watching for a chance to do something more serious to the Lion than twisting the appendage.

The First Nicholas died broken-hearted when the Crimean struggle was going against him. The historic incident of the four Allied Powers then—England, France, Sardinia and Turkey against Russia single-handed—ought to be sufficiently reversed in the mind of the Second Nicholas when he contemplates Germany, Russia and France assisting the Dutch Oligarchy at Johannesburg against Great Britain's treaty rights in the Transvaal. These Allied Powers ought not to need us at all.

If the young Czar wishes to find us at home on another European entanglement, he might let us in on a scheme to stop the massacre of Armenians by moving the Turk into Asia, and to take back the Holy Land under a Pan-Christian Protectorate. The question of human rights is much clearer on the Bosphorus than at Delagea Bay. The fact that Czar Nicholas and the rest of them are straining at the Jameson gnat and swallowing the Turkish camel is an additional reason why we cannot understand what all this European war talk means. This inscrutable exaggeration of nothing while minimizing the very momentous gives us pause. The Czar must count us out of the Transvaal quarrel.

TRIAL BY MASS MEETING.

BARTHOLOMEW SHEA was under sentence of death for the murder of Robert Ross in an election riot at Troy, N. Y. A man named McGough was serving a term of years for his connection with the same affair. Three weeks ago McGough confessed that he, and not Shea, killed Ross. Governor Morton took official action by reprieving the condemned man, whose attorneys, of course, set to work at once to secure new evidence for a new trial. Here the case was resting until the 14th inst., when a mass meeting of two thousand people under the auspices of the Committee of Public Safety issued an address to the public, denouncing any attempt to secure a new trial for Shea.

The WEEKLY has no opinion to express here as to the guilt or innocence of the condemned man. In common with all law-abiding citizens we accepted the verdict of the jury in the first instance, and when the sentence of death was pronounced by the Court we accepted that as being in accordance with the law of this State. When later the Governor issued the reprieve on the ground that the confession of McGough raised a doubt of Shea's guilt, the high and unblemished character of the Chief Executive was alone sufficient to disarm criticism of that act. Seeing Shea's counsel industriously trying to save the life of their client, we had no ground for interfering, because that was their sacred duty as well as their privilege under the law.

The Troy mass meeting did not entertain these views in the case of Shea, for the reason that it was convinced of his guilt and demanded the forfeit of his life for the life of Ross. The vital question is, Are those views sound and in harmony with reason and equity and good conscience? No power on earth can save the life of Shea, unless the Governor commutes his sentence or a new trial establishes his innocence. The former will not be done without cause, and the latter is impossible without the strongest kind of evidence.

Shea is a prisoner of the State of New York, doomed even now, after the Governor's reprieve, to the Electric Chair. He and his counsel are fighting for his life. The law provides ways and means to carry on this contest, and to protect the State from the infamy of a murderer set free or his sentence commuted, without just cause.

The mass meeting declared that it preferred to believe the fifteen respectable men who swore that Shea killed Ross, rather than the unsupported word of the self-confessed perjurer, McGough. That is the meeting's verdict, as it was also the verdict of the jury that convicted Shea. It was the privilege of the mass meeting, also, to hold that meeting, "peacefully to assemble." The Constitution guarantees the right of assembly, and that right has been exercised in the past to the successful resistance of wrong.

It is an unpleasant duty to have to say it, but fair play demands it. The mass meeting had less just cause for assembling the other day, than it would have had before or during the trial. There was some chance for the escape of Shea, if guilty, during the trial, because he had able counsel and the benefit of the usual safeguards thrown around the rights of the accused. Now, however, he has no more chance of escape, if guilty, than he has of leaving the world alive. He has not even obtained a new trial yet. The action of Governor Morton is nothing but the usual temporary safeguard against the judicial killing of an innocent man. The same action has saved the innocent many a time. It is one of those extra legal procedures that does credit to our common humanity. In the presence of this sacred heritage handed down to us as a shield of innocence,

the mass meeting at Troy has a hoarse, discordant and barbaric intonation—and this altogether irrespective of the guilt or innocence of Shea. Instead of a meeting in the interest of republican institutions the Committee of Public Safety at Troy have held a meeting to protest against the right of a condemned man to fight for his life under all the liberal and humane safeguards that this country has bought dearly and will not lightly abandon—even if Shea is guilty.

EMPEROR WILLIAM.

It was the privilege of this journal early in 1890 to forecast the policy of the young Emperor of Germany, and to-day we find that in the main he has stuck to the pledges he gave at that time and has carried out the work he proposed for the betterment of the condition of the German people. Emperor William has steadfastly adhered to the theories and practices of the advanced school of imperialism—that is to say, he has maintained the largest degree of personal executive-ness in connection with the widest possible application of the imperial policy to the every-day needs of the people. At first he was looked upon as an advanced State Socialist, and came so near to Karl Marx's theories that many believed the young man would be a social and industrial disturbing element in Europe.

The wonder of his career so far has been that he stands on the same economic and governmental theories to-day, and has not made any disturbance except that he has driven to cover the very Socialists whom he was supposed to have joined at the outset of his career. He forced Bismarck out in the face of that wily statesman's undoubted popularity; and he has got along better without him than he could have done with him. Capital and labor were never more harmonious in the Empire than they are now. The great farming interests of the Empire have demanded more recognition than they have received, but they seem content to wait for the rest. Meanwhile, they applaud the young personal sovereign for what he has done.

Emperor William II. has always been more in the public eye than seems consistent with the position of practical autocrat over all the German States. At present he comes forward, after an unusually prolonged obscurity, as the centre of the war talk, a large and threatening shape in the nucleus of the latest European war cloud. As the WEEKLY goes to press Emperor William is vigorously denying that he has backed down, meaning that he still believes that England must not interfere with the Transvaal Republic. The Emperor might say this without meaning war, and then again perhaps he is not afraid.

AS LOVE SINGS TO HOPE.

THREE years ago, at the time of the death of Walt Whitman, Colonel Ingersoll made one of his famous poetic-rhetorical declarations at the bier of the Good Grey Poet. He was asked at the time in the columns of this journal, how he could consistently speak in terms so warm of his departed friend, in view of the fact that, as he believed, Walt Whitman had gone down to annihilation. What could there be to say about a non-existence—that Walt Whitman certainly was on that occasion, unless the immortality of the soul be admitted?

He spoke of the poet as the man who was not afraid to die utterly, and eulogized him as the brave man who had made so many others fearless in the face of annihilation. He commended Whitman to Mother Nature, to her clasp and kiss, with considerable more unctious, but with no less formal chemistry, than though he were slacking time.

Colonel Ingersoll had been away lecturing, in Canada, and had not seen Walt Whitman for a long time. When he appeared at the funeral services he was visibly affected. He was sincerely affected, and the words that flowed as a torrent from his manly and brotherly heart were among the most touching ever uttered in the presence of death. The "Walt Whitman" he loved was not at that instant a mere memory to him, or a diffuse constituent of the surrounding elemental occupants of space. The *persona* Whitman was in his mind. This journal insisted at the time that the poet was not dead but sleeping—that is to say, the poet to whose real self Colonel Ingersoll so glowingly and so lovingly bade farewell for the present.

It has been noticed that lately the eloquent Agnostic has said, of this Future State, that nobody knows anything about it. There was a time when he said that heaven was a song that Love has always sung in the ear of Hope—or some such Hellenism—but that there was no such state. If the change means anything it is, that Colonel Ingersoll is drifting either toward Spiritualism or toward an orthodox belief in the immortality of the soul. When he gives up the unthinkable doctrine of annihilation, he will be—the same old iconoclast, perhaps—but a Christian in his heart. The Christian Endeavor people must not grow too easily discouraged.

Colonel Ingersoll's latest declaration was evoked by a visit he made to the People's Church at Kalamazoo, Mich., presided over by Miss Caroline I. Bartlett. The People's Church aims to take care of the material as well as the spiritual interests of its members. Colonel Ingersoll says that if one of these up-to-date churches were near his home he would join—if the people would

let him. What a splendid Christian the Colonel will be when he throws aside the accoutrements of fun-making, and looks at the churches with the eye of a philosopher!

IS SOCIAL REFORM DOING ITS BEST?

It seems to me that if anything is worth doing thoroughly, it is this work that is called reform. Waste of energy in wrong directions, in the great scheme of making this world better, is little short of a crime. The question is vital, therefore, Are the various reform movements doing their best, which is their most rational?

A gratifying falling off is noticed in the saloon business, and wickedness generally, real and alleged, has found it hard to make an easy living in New York City during the recent past pleasant summer and autumn days. Vice that once used to flaunt itself on the streets has been traced to the Boulevard by Dr. Parkhurst's reporters—a clear indication that vice is on the run, and has, with its usual instinctive dislike for hard work, found a thoroughfare on which the going is easy. It is hardly necessary to say that public sinners who have haunted the upper Boulevard and the Annexed District all summer and fall will have to leave the city limits altogether before spring. Dr. Parkhurst says these people must be kept on the run, and the Society intends to keep them uncomfortable and conscience-stricken at all times. This is the proper frame of mind for such people, and the great social reform movement is guaranteed to insure its continuance.

The average student of the seamy side of life has been aroused from his theories. He has usually studied these phases with a kindly philosophy, to the effect that it is hard; after all, to make the world over again, and at the same time have a neater job than we have at present; and instead of making a great outcry, this old-fogy student has busied himself with the removal of causes. Palliatives, such as the missions and refuges, have been applied in the meanwhile. The student seems to think that the removal of this and other evils will take time and must depend largely upon growth and development, a popular awakening and a great deal of individual striving in particular cases.

Dr. Parkhurst announced, in a sermon in this city last fall, that he had received a proposition from the devil on the excise difficulty, that he had named his price, and that negotiations were still pending. He was going to stay in the thick of the fight and proposed to crush most of the evils of New York by crushing Tammany Hall again, and more completely than before. Seeing that the stage of deals is reached, and that the anti-Tammany campaign has resulted in doing Dr. Parkhurst much good in the whipping he acknowledged, we must conclude that the new method of making things hot for vice is once more to be tried. The student and the workers in specific cases, who are doing the rescuing, and trying to remove immediate causes, will be allowed to continue, I assume, while Dr. Parkhurst keeps some of the wicked politicians, a few of the proprietors and proprietresses, and all of the unfortunates on the run.

It may be that those who are hunting and hounding the unfortunates through the lanes and by-ways may interfere with the work of the rescues and missions, by impressing the kindly disposed public with the slowness and apparent lack of results that characterize the latter as compared with the wholesale rounding up by the great-sounding and semi-governmental Society for the Suppression of Vice. Or it may be that the grists of misfortune sent to the rescue and refuge mills by the larger movement may so clog the business of those institutions that a great deal of the social screenings and cockle and other foul seeds may be turned out and placed on the reform market as genuine reform flour, whereas it is in fact very badly tainted; in the hurry and crowding, caused by those who are driven to reform against their will, a great many bogus and forced repentances may even return some time to give the whole scheme of reclamation the appearance of an unclean and scandalous farce, gotten up by designing persons seeking notoriety or working for ulterior ends.

It is probably the theory of Dr. Parkhurst, that the two movements can work together, that the one can supplement the other. The quiet, patient and disinterested work of rescue and refuge will be the proper method of dealing with those unfortunates whom kindness, sympathy, persuasion, a restoration of self respect can reach. The vigorous, administrative and non-sense Society for the Suppression of Vice should deal with the hardened cases as criminals who would be forced to the refuges when repentant and to the workhouse and Potter's Field when not.

It is true that all kinds of vice that spring from stubborn rebelliousness are now handled by the Police Courts and the Grand Jury, as are also the various forms of vice that spring from misfortune, poverty and an unfavorable environment. The former of these two legally constituted judicial bodies has power now to commit offenders to the House of the Good Shepherd as well as to the workhouse, and an impartial observer has been not infrequently impressed by the rare humane-ness and good judgment with which the discretion has been exercised in New York for many years. If the active rescue missions and the powerful semi-governmental or supra-governmental Suppression Society can be made to work together and in harmony with the

criminal courts, the work of social redemption for the outcasts of misfortune and poverty, at least, ought to be very greatly accelerated.

There is a possibility, I must presume, that Committees of Safety and Seventy and Suppression may help these courts and even the missions and refuges, by standing over them with mass meetings and crusades and popular excitations! It is difficult, however, to see how the fierce and unrelenting vigilance of these Committees can work in harmony with the responsible representatives of the people whom it is their mission to keep in wholesome terror, to suspect always, to meddle with, to obstruct, whenever the Committees find that the representatives are bad, ignorant or not obedient to the sovereign will of the people. For this sovereign will in these cases, mark you, is to be interpreted by the Committees and the mass meetings and the crusades, that exist, resolve and fight it all out on lines of perfection, for the sole purpose of keeping the people alive to the fact that every office-holder is more than likely to go wrong, unless he is watched and terrorized.

I do not ask the reader to believe that a mistake was made when Legislatures legalized the existence of such bodies as the Societies for the Suppression of Crime and vested them with semi-police functions. The work done by most of these societies has been of incalculable benefit. But the good has been done by the aid of the courts and by the societies acting as aids in harmony with the judicial and police machinery. It is quite another matter, however, when we find the new movement standing guard, with lash in hand, over the duly elected servants of the people in every department of municipal administration. I doubt whether societies avowedly engaged in such a movement have any right to exist under a charter from any State of the Union. The doubt implied in this question is of much greater moment than even the immediate suppression of vice and crime or the clothing of police justices and other public servants with attributes of perfection that are desirable in themselves, but not easily attainable in this world. Neither can the practical and reflective mind view these movements dispassionately without a fear that, perhaps, their never-ending denunciations are detracting from the value of the possible services that might be rendered by these public servants. It may be, too, that the lash constantly held over the head of the city government does not increase the respect that the people ought to have for governmental authority, if we are to get the best results from a representative form of government.

Now, what other means are there for the Suppression of Vice, besides the supra-governmental Societies, who strike right and left, at the police and the rest of them on one hand, and at the vicious and criminal classes on the other? Where is the much-needed movement for the removal of the causes that lead to so much of the crime that the Societies have to deal with? Is the student right in his contention that crime and vice are growing less every day, owing to the fact that many of the causes have been removed?

All crime resulting from bad habits, or even from unfortunate surroundings, must be dealt with by the authorities. It may be lessened and is lessened by the active benevolence of unselfish men and women, by temperance organizations and many other forms and methods of amelioration—least of all, no doubt, by the supra-governmental Societies whose scope is probably too wide to reach it, except through the occasional bagging of a police captain caught persecuting a proprietress.

That section of crime is probably helped and reclaimed as effectively as it is possible to do it. But the crime that springs from enforced idleness—is there anything more pathetic in all the world than the willing and honest toiler driven from idleness to rebellion and despair, from despair to drink, from drink to loss of self-respect, to trampdom, to crime—a confirmed criminal at last who no longer cares to rise? Put these men to work, at suitable wages! Leave the professional criminal to the Detective Bureau; the occasional and ill-disposed offender to the police; the *symples du pare* to the police, the refuge and the church; and the city government officials to the verdict of the people who elected them. But these unfortunate men and women who are striving to be honest and pure, and are forced from the right path by an idleness they try to avoid—why not save them? The Parkhurst Society has more suitable work to do in West Street, South Street, Coenties Slip, than it has in the shadow of Tammany Hall, or even in the Tenderloin. This work will yield greater dividends to the cause of both morality and good government than the fight against either the last city government or the present city government or the Legislature of the State of New York. More crime and vice are bred in such quarters as these by enforced idleness among the toilers in one year than the Society can prevent by scattering the half-world and keeping it on the run, or by fighting Tammany, for two years. While criminals, bad politicians and the unfortunate habitués of vice are being assisted, and while so many are trying to make them good against their will, is there to be a deliberate neglect of the honest man who wants to work and remain honest, but who in idleness is more than likely to swell the ranks of the dangerous classes?

JUDEX JUSTNOW.



CARMEN



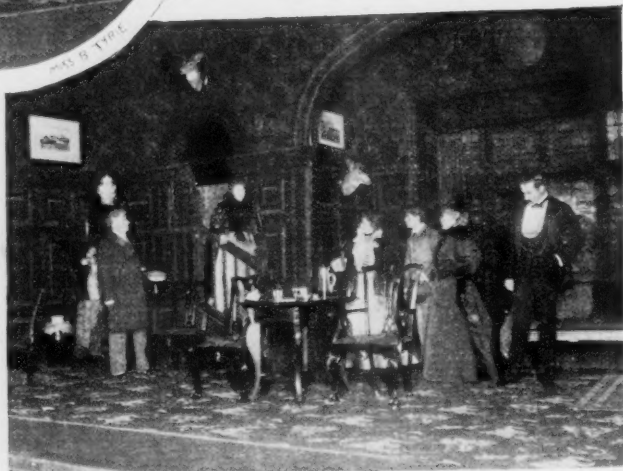
MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE IN CARMEN



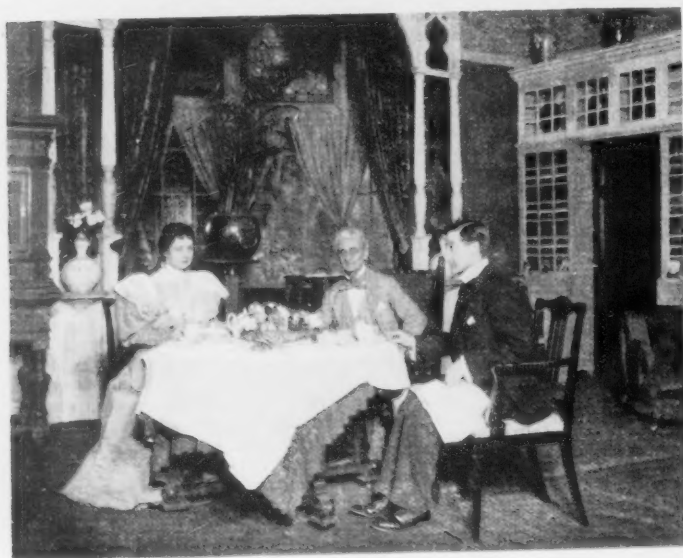
DR. H. KELLEY

MISS JANE IRVING

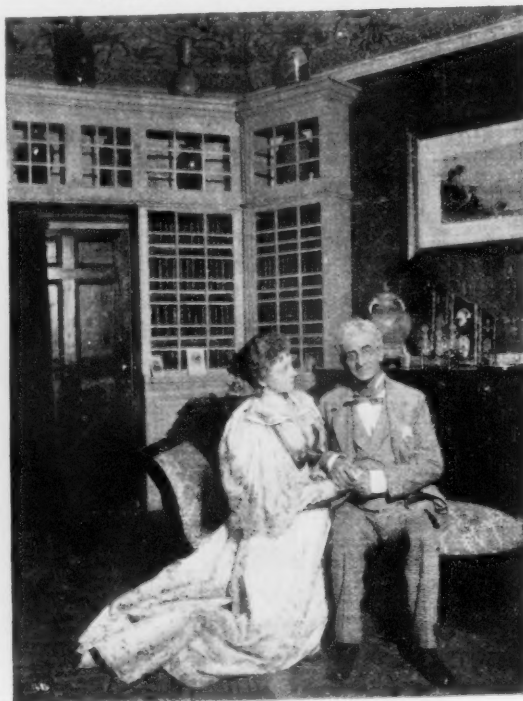
THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT



THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT



A PAIR OF SPECTACLES



A PAIR OF SPECTACLES

PICTURES FROM SOME NEW PLAYS.

(See page 11.)

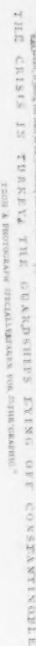
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REPORT IN CLAR: SPANISH REINFORCEMENTS
KEEPING TROOPS ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT. (C) 1960



SOME NEWS PICTURES OF INTERNATIONAL INTEREST.—(See page 13.)

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Journal of
Medicine

For the Director, State Board

THE ELUCORATED LONDON NEW, 1804

GENERALIAN WILSON (Field Notes)

THE CRY ON THE HEATH.

BY ALFRED DE SAUVENIERE.

It was the night before Christmas. About half a dozen friends were assembled in the smoking-room of Colonel Harrison to celebrate the occasion. By some strange chance the conversation had drifted into spiritualism, warnings and presentiments.

"I am not a believer in the supernatural," said our host, "but I would like to tell you what happened to me this Christmas Eve five years ago. I was in Edinburgh, on my way to the North of Scotland to spend the holidays with an old friend of my family. The Express started at six o'clock in the evening (a dismal wintry evening); but, warmly rolled up in my rug, I slept until the voice of the conductor aroused me crying 'Selkirk,' which was the little station where I was to stop. I had barely time to seize my traveling bag, sling my gun across my shoulder and leap to the ground when the train dashed on. In my haste I came very near upsetting a stalwart employee of the railroad who laughingly said: 'A little more and you would have been carried on, sir.'"

"Ough! how cold it is," I said, shivering under my fur-lined coat.

"Yes, the moors are three feet deep in snow, and the marshes freeze hard as a rock," he replied.

"We entered the little waiting-room, where a peat fire was merrily burning. 'Has any one been here for me?' I asked, as I placed my bag and gun on a bench.

"Just then the station master (a young fellow about twenty-six) entered, and approaching me, said: 'Are you Mr. Harrison?'"

"Indeed I am," I replied.

"Sir Robert Moore was here this afternoon inquiring for you; he was in his dogcart and waited until six o'clock. As you did not arrive, he said he would return in the morning. Evidently he did not expect you so late."

"Heavens! but this is annoying," I exclaimed. "What am I to do?"

"The young man shrugged his shoulders as much as to say: 'Truly, I know not.'"

"What distance is it from here to Sir Robert's Manor?" I asked.

"About ten miles I think—that far, isn't it, Rhodrick?" turning to the stalwart employee I had first met.

"Taking off his hat to salute his superior, and scratching his head to aid his reflections, he answered: 'Eleven good miles, sir.'"

"Eleven miles!" I dolorously repeated. "Is the road good?"

"It is buried under three feet of snow, and across the marshes; I would advise you not to try it unless you know the way."

"I do not even know the direction to take, and it is now nine o'clock," said I, consulting my watch. "How far is it to Selkirk?"

"Three miles, and it is only a cluster of shanties."

"Is there no hotel there?"

"A hotel, my good sir!" exclaimed the station master, smiling, while the enormous Rhodrick shook with silent laughter. "There is not a hotel or house of any kind for miles—Selkirk is in the open moors."

"Well, is there no vehicle, cart or carriage, that I can get?"

"The young man, repressing a smile, said: 'Excuse me for laughing, sir, but it sounds so droll to hear you asking for a cart or carriage in these wilds.'"

"When will the next train pass for Edinburgh?"

"Not before nine o'clock in the morning."

"What do you tell me—no train passes here for twelve hours?"

"Certainly, sir," replied my imperturbable interlocutor.

"Can I at least procure a bed somewhere?" I asked.

"None that I know of."

"But you, my dear sir—can't you lodge me?"

"I have only one bed, sir, and it is at your service if you choose."

"No, a thousand thanks; I could not think of depriving you of your rest. If you will take care of my traveling bag, I will walk to Ambley Manor."

"But you do not know the way; you will be lost in the snow." Reflecting a few moments, the young man said: "I will go with you."

"This proposition charmed me. I warmly clasped his hand, saying: 'I will be delighted, if the walk is not too fatiguing for you.'"

"The young station master looked at me in astonishment. Truly my remark, addressed to a Highlander, was very stupid. Turning to the stalwart Rhodrick, he said: 'Wait for the midnight freight train, then shut up the station. I will be here in time for the morning Express.'"

"We lighted our cigars; I examined my shoulder-strap to see if my gun was securely adjusted and my brandy flask ready to my hand, then followed my guide, enveloped in his tartan plaid and already some steps in advance of me.

"The barren whiteness of the country made me shiver. As far as the eye could reach, one vast stretch of snow, only marked by a dark line running far away toward the north, indicating the track of the railway. I resolutely followed my guide; but it was not an easy thing to do. Be careful, said he, 'and place your feet in my tracks; the road is very irregular here, but I know the way perfectly.'"

"This was very encouraging, so I followed his instructions to the letter, burying my feet in the deep holes made by his steps, slipping and sliding on the ice and often measuring my length in the snow. It was fearfully cold—at least twenty degrees below zero—but the efforts I made to follow my guide caused great drops of perspiration to stand on my brow, while my mustache was bristling with icicles. My guide was a brisk walker; he seemed to go faster and faster. Ah! I thought, if I only had his solid Scotch legs. We left the light of the little station-house far behind us and were soon enveloped in the dim mists of the icy moors, through which the wind dimly shrieked and moaned. I began to regret the bright peat fire merrily crackling in the waiting-room at the station, when my companion suddenly stopped and said: 'There is the place where I found that poor devil two years ago.'"

"What poor devil?" I asked.

"A stranger, no doubt, to the country, trying to reach my station. Overcome with fatigue and cold, he had laid down in the snow and—"

"You found and rescued him?" I anxiously interrupted.

"Rescued all that was left of him, sir, for he was stiff frozen; you know they are so paralyzed by fatigue and cold they will lie down to sleep in the snow and never know when death comes."

"Poor man!" I murmured, icy chills running through my veins as I looked around on the vast solitude of snow that surrounded me. It was filled with fantastic terrors. I began to be afraid—afraid of some unknown danger against which I had no defense. And I debated if I should not say to my companion, 'Let us go back'; but I conquered this feeling of nervousness and stumbled painfully on. Suddenly there was a whirlwind of snow, a tumultuous rushing of wings and a crowd of dark objects rose up from the ground and was lost in the icy fog.

"What is that?" I said, quickly.

"Owls," said the station master, tranquilly. "There are great numbers of them here in the winter."

"No, no!" I interrupted, violently seizing his arm. "That cry—didn't you hear it?"

"The young man stopped and listened; evidently he heard nothing, and yet the cry was so distinct, so real to me, it seemed not ten steps ahead of us. Some one despairingly called: 'Harrison, here, help, quick!'"

"I hear nothing but the wind howling across the moors," said my guide. "Come, let us make haste."

"Again that despairing cry waivered across the heath; he paid no heed to it—only hurried on, crunching the snow under his heavy boots. 'I heard my name distinctly called by some one in distress,' I said.

"I don't see how that could be, when no one here knows your name, sir."

"Yes, my friend Sir Robert Moore knows it, and it was his voice I heard; I know something has happened to him," I vehemently answered.

"That is impossible; he was in his dogcart and took the regular road many miles from here."

"What! are we not in the usual route?" I asked.

"Not exactly; we have cut across the moors, thus saving two good miles at least. In ordinary times this would be impracticable, but the cold has frozen the marshes so we can cross them."

"Ah, then we are walking over the marshes," I gasped, my breath cut short by fears you can easily understand.

"Yes, a light coat of ice covers the lakes and the marshes. We are now passing over one of the deepest sheets of water," continued my guide, coolly striking his heel on the ice, which gave forth a heavy, hollow sound.

"But, my dear sir," I cried, "is it safe?"

"Yes, I think so; at any rate we have saved a good bit of the way."

"I had nothing more to say, but walked silently on, every now and then buried up to my waist in snow. The continual cracking of the ice and the dismal solitude of the moors made my heart beat tumultuously and my ears tingle with fright."

"Ah," said the young Scotchman, "the wind has swept the snow from here and now we can go faster."

"Just then there was a sharp crack, followed by a heavy rumbling sound as if the ice was breaking beneath us. 'Listen, listen!' said I, quickly; 'don't you hear that?'"

"A distant cry, a despairing, supplicating call was heard just in front of us: 'Harrison—quick!—help!—help!'"

"I heard nothing but the ice," said the young Highlander.

"Then you must be deaf," I impatiently exclaimed. "There it is again," as the breeze distinctly brought the words: 'Harrison—quick!—quick!—help!' "This time you surely heard it."

"My companion stopped and listened a moment, then shook his head and said: 'You think so, but it is only the owls and frogs. It has often happened to me, sir, when I have been out hunting in the moors. But we had better hurry on.'"

"The cry was again heard, this time long, despairing, supplicating; no longer any doubt—it was the voice of my friend calling: 'Harrison, come quick!'"

"Ah, you surely heard that," said I, breathlessly.

"No, truly I heard nothing," said my guide, almost angrily, giving me an anxious look. "There is no one on the heath but ourselves, and if you wish to get to Ambley Manor before midnight we must hasten on."

"I felt very anxious, oppressed by a poignant dread I could not define; but I silently followed my guide, carefully looking around to see if I could discover anything to explain the cries I had heard. No, nothing—nothing but the vast circuit of snow. My companion with a pitying glance turned round and said: "

"The noise of the train is still in your ears, sir, and makes you hear all kinds of noises. I assure you no one has called. I would have heard them, for I have ears as keen as the best deerhound in the country."

"I was forced to accept this explanation and walked on, the snow crunching under our footsteps with a sharp metallic sound, shuddering to think only this thin coating of ice separated us from the black abyss of waters. You can imagine my relief when I began to stumble over little mounds of earth which indicated we had crossed the bogs and deep ponds and were on terra firma once more. Just then a flock of wild ducks flew over our heads, uttering the most terrible cries."

"I heard that," said my young Highlander, laughing.

"Truly this Scotchman had a very poor opinion of my courage. I struggled painfully on, following my guide, who never relaxed the elasticity of his steps. A frightful fatigue weighed upon my limbs. I had an invincible desire to sleep, which filled me with horror, for I remembered my guide's story of the poor devil in the snow."

"For a full half-hour my Scotchman had not spoken a word, when suddenly turning and pointing to numerous little twinkling lights in the distance he said: 'There is Ambley Manor.'"

"Thank God!" I fervently exclaimed. "Is it far?"

"A good mile, at least."

"These words and the thought that this painful walk

would soon be over reanimated me, my legs took on new strength and the little lights sparkling in the distance banished my indefinable terrors. We had now reached a wooden bridge; its parapets, covered with a coating of ice, glistened in the lights from the Manor like burnished steel. But here the swiftness of the stream had prevented the water from freezing. Foaming and howling, it dashed against the piers with a frightful roar. As we crossed the bridge a fearful barking was heard, a perfect chorus of howls and yelps from canine throats, while seven or eight deerhounds came rushing through the snow with bristling manes and gaping jaws.

"Down, Duchess—there, Bruce," said the young Scotchman, quieting them. "Now, sir, come on, they won't hurt you."

"I had suddenly stopped upon the bridge; for above that rushing, howling water I had heard that despairing cry of the heath, clearer, more distinct, more accentuated than ever: 'Harrison, here, help, quick!' The young station master did not seem to hear this cry any more than the others, and I would have believed it to be some hallucination of the brain caused by my extreme fatigue, only the dogs raised their heads and began to howl most dimly. All of my fears returned—when, happily, the great door of the Manor opened, a bright line of cheery light was cast upon the snow, and Donald, an old Highlander in his plaid kilt and naked legs, appeared holding a torch, followed by Sir Robert.

"Ah, is that you, Harrison, my dear friend?" he cried. "I had totally given you up; but how in the world did you get here this frightful night?" Then, seeing the station master, he said: "Ah, Smith, my good fellow, it is you who guided my friend. Come in; it is impossible to return to the station to-night. I will send you back early in the morning, so come in and rest content."

"With all the warmth and friendliness of Scotch hospitality, my old friend ushered us into the great hall. Its rafters of old carved oak (according to the traditions of Christmas) were twined with ivy and holly, and its walls garlanded with the crimson and white berries of the mistletoe. As the door opened a charming picture was framed in the glowing entrance of the hall and a fresh young voice exclaimed: "

"Ah, Mr. Harrison, we are so glad to see you; our Christmas festival would have been incomplete without you."

"I turned a questioning glance on Sir Robert, who laughingly said: "

"Don't you know the little Janet? By my faith, you have remained away from your Scotch friends so long you have forgotten the children have grown into bonnie lassies."

"And this is my little Jeannette," said I, kissing the rosy cheeks of a little girl about twelve years old, and warmly clasping both hands of the beautiful Kate, Sir Robert's eldest daughter, saying: "Ah, Miss Kate, you have more than fulfilled the promise of your childhood; you have become a beautiful girl."

"She slightly blushed, and replied: "

"Why do you call me Miss Kate? a soft light shining in her tender gray eyes while her rosy lips made a ravishing pout. I relate all these little details, for every incident of this story is graven on my memory."

"In this patriarchal hall about twenty guests were assembled, some playing whist, some talking, but all basking in the warmth of the great fireplace where whole logs of pine were sparkling and crackling. Two greyhounds were lying in front of the monumental andirons, as if they were supporting the sparkling edifice. In the centre of the room was a massive oak table on which smoked a great bowl of whiskey and lemons. Sir Robert was in the act of serving this Scotch punch when the dogs announced our arrival."

"Come," said the lord of the Manor, holding a glass to my guide and myself, "drink this, then go and change your shoes and clothes," for we were covered with snow and ice which in the warm atmosphere began to send forth a mist of smoking fog. As we touched glasses the Baronet cried: "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you, Charlie, and Smith; my good friends, your health."

"I don't know if it was the glass of excellent whiskey, the warm reception I had received or the beautiful eyes of bonnie Kate, but my heart was warmed and cheered as I followed the Baronet to the dressing-room, where I was supplied with slippers and a jacket lined with swans'-down."

"You must be hungry," said Sir Robert, conducting me to the dining-room, where my friend Smith was impatiently waiting me. "I know you both have a good appetite after your long walk."

"His fine robust form and fresh healthy color made me think how men living in the country differ, both morally and physically, from those living in cities. Just then one of the greyhounds, which had followed us into the dining-room, raised his head and howled—softly, plaintively—while in the distance I again heard that despairing cry of the heath: 'Harrison, quick, help!' I started to my feet, looking in great fright at my friend, for it was his voice I had heard; but he only tranquilly said: "

"Down, Duchess: what's the matter with you, my beauty? I don't know why the dogs are so restless to-night."

"Possibly it is the noise of the ice crashing against the bridge," said my friend Smith.

"Just then a servant brought in a dish of grouse. I seated myself, Sir Robert filled my glass, and in this warm room and good cheer I forgot the despairing cry on the heath, and the painful walk in the snow over the marshes. My fatigue seemed to float away in the light clouds of my cigar, and all my anxiety was forgotten. The daughters of my host and the invited guests had all retired. Sir Robert and myself were alone, when he said: "

"I owe you an apology, Charlie. When I returned from the station this evening I had given up all hopes of seeing you to-night and gave the chamber I intended for you to a neighbor and his wife."

"My dear friend, it is no matter, I can sleep any-

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where—I am so fatigued. Give me one or two rugs and I will sleep here in front of this good fire."

"No, no," said Sir Robert; "I have another room prepared for you, but I wanted to tell you—then my old friend seemed to hesitate. 'You are not afraid of ghosts, unexplained noises, and all that rubbish, are you?'"

"I began to smile, but the smile faded on my lips, for just then the greyhound lying before the fire raised up and began to howl most dismally. Without noticing my nervous start, the Baronet continued:

"They say the room is haunted, and strange noises are heard there, but I have often slept there."

"And what did you hear?" I anxiously inquired.

"Rats and mice, the wind shaking the windows, the moaning of the trees, and the ice crashing against the bridge like it is to-night," he replied.

"Was that all?"

"Yes, all that I could account for; but indeed, my dear boy, you shall not sleep there if you feel the least repugnance."

"My dear friend," said I, emptying my glass, "all the visitors from the other world could not keep me from sleeping to-night."

"Come, then."

"The Baronet lighted a candle and began to ascend the grand stairway. On the first story we passed through a long, wide corridor which seemed to have no end, and entered a vast chamber garnished with old-fashioned furniture. A great fire was burning on the hearth, casting little sparks of light on the brass columns of the curtained bedstead."

"What a cheerful companion a good fire is," said I, on entering.

"Yes, these heather branches make a splendid fire," replied Sir Robert. Then, approaching the bed, he said:

"Kate is my housekeeper; you can sleep without fear of damp sheets and rheumatism."

"Thank you," I murmured, half asleep. "Don't fail to wake me early in the morning."

"I will send Donald with his bagpipes," said the Baronet. Then with a cordial clasp of the hand and a hearty good-night Sir Robert was gone. Just then, with a great rattling of chains, the monumental clock in the hall struck two.

"A haunted chamber," I murmured as I closed the door; and, taking the candle, I looked under the bed, behind the curtains and in the closet, dark and gloomy as a cavern. "In any case there is no one here now." Then giving a last glance at the window, I closed the curtains, and drawing a seat before the fire, began my preparations for the night. Just like any one else, a little dreamy and very much fatigued, I fell asleep in my chair. How long I slept I know not, when suddenly I awoke with a start, my brow covered with sweat, for a hand had touched my shoulder and a voice uttered the cry on the hearth: "Harrison, help, quick!" I leaped to the door, more, I confess, from fright than a desire to obey the call. All was quiet, not a thing stirred in the silent corridor.

"I fastened the door, took my candle and again made a minute examination of my chamber; all was exactly as I left it. 'What silly childishness!' I said, as I placed the candle on the mantelpiece. 'No doubt the long ride in the railroad has disturbed my nervous system; a good sleep will drive away all these phantoms of my imagination.' I threw a few more branches of heather on the fire, extinguished the candle and plunged into the bed, which I found delightfully soft and warm. The fire filled the room with a soft light and the aromatic fragrance of burning heather perfumed the air. I buried myself in my pillows and thought, 'What a blessing this warm bed is after my long tramp in the snow,' dreamily watching the fire, showing, with the quick changes of a kaleidoscope, castles and towns, caverns of gold, mountains of emeralds and valleys of silver. Then all faded away, and I was again on the moors, struggling with whirlwinds of snow, the ice breaking under me, around me, and again I heard that supplicating cry: 'Harrison, quick, quick, help!' In a moment I was up, breathlessly listening; again that despairing call, this time so near I could have sworn that my friend was by my side. No, only the crackling of the smoldering fire broke the silence of the night. 'Am I going mad?' I thought, with a real feeling of terror.

"Harrison, quick, help!" again cried the voice, this time sad and feeble like the echo of a despairing moan. Then far away on the moors a dog began to howl, and was chorused by all the hounds in the kennel. This nocturnal concert was so lugubrious, so dismal! I drew the clothes closely around my head so I could hear nothing, and soon fell into a profound sleep. I was awakened next morning by the melancholy strains of the bagpipe, and the voice of Sir Robert calling: "Come, Harrison, come quick!"

"Fancy and reality were so strangely mingled in my brain, for a moment I thought Sir Robert had amused himself by calling me in the night. No, although the Baronet loved a joke, he was incapable of anything so childish. Besides, that would not account for the cry on the hearth I heard the night before, many leagues from the Manor."

"During breakfast I said nothing of my terrors of the night, and was pleased to hear one of the guests complain of the howling of the dogs; this was a grain of reality in my hallucinations."

"Really," said Sir Robert, "the dogs howled fearfully last night. Perhaps they were cold; I will order more straw in their kennels. But who is going to hunt this morning? There is a great flock of wild ducks in the lower part of the park. We can begin there."

"This proposition was enthusiastically received. We all got up from the table and started for the hall to equip ourselves for the day's sport. An hour afterward hunters and dogs were all in the field shooting, flushing and loading the game carriers with superb ducks. The sport had become very interesting. We had already shot a respectable number of ducks, two rabbits and some plovers, when Sir Robert proposed we should separate and see which one could take the greatest number of birds before dinner."

"This was agreed upon. Accordingly we started in different directions, my friend Sir Robert immediately preceding me. We had gone about half the distance to

the Manor when two grouse suddenly rose up before me. To fall on my knees in the snow, take aim and bring them to the ground was but the work of a moment. Only one was killed; the other, slightly wounded, began to fly, beating his wings. I followed him a considerable distance, and was in the act of again taking aim when my gun fell from my hand. Far away to the left I heard that cursed cry: 'Harrison, quick, help!'"

"Again," I said, trembling with fright. "Will this horrible nightmare ever cease?"

"Recalling my hallucinations on the moors, and my feverish terrors of the night before, I resolutely turned my steps in the opposite direction from whence I heard the cry, and seriously began to think I was the victim of some nervous fancy when again I heard that fearful cry, more feeble, more indistinct. Still I hurried on, when a dismal howling caused me to look back. There was the favorite hound of Sir Robert, his nose in the air, howling most piteously. I quickly retraced my steps—fancy or reality, I would find out the meaning of this cry—and began to run in the direction of the hound. 'Sir Robert,' I called, 'where are you?'"

"My anxiety fearfully increased when I saw two or three of my companions running in the same direction; they had also heard the cry. I was about two hundred feet from the dog, still uttering the most lugubrious howls, when I saw a slight depression in the surface of the snow; recalling the incidents of my terrible walk the evening before, I knew this depression indicated a break in the ice."

"Sir Robert has fallen into the morass," I cried. Drawing near, I saw a dark spot made by the water bubbling up through the snow. In the centre of this spot a black gaping hole clearly outlined in the ice—oh, horror! a gun rested across this hole, convulsively grasped by a hand. How I did it I know not; I only remember throwing myself on my face and slowly crawling until I reached that poor hand, already stiffening with cold and the approach of death. By what efforts I succeeded in drawing the hand, then the body of my old friend from the black icy morass I cannot tell. We cannot account even to ourselves for actions achieved in moments of great excitement. I only remember, as I drew out the body of Sir Robert the ice cracked and swayed around me. Everybody was standing some feet from the hole, afraid to approach for fear the ice would give way. I dragged the body of my old friend some distance away and tried with my knife to open the blue and clinched lips."

"We carried him to the Manor lifeless and unconscious. After many hours of ceaseless care we saw his lips move; he opened his eyes, and first fixed them on his daughters, kneeling and weeping by his bed. Then those mournful, lifeless eyes seemed to seek some one, and sadly rested on me. I understood and drew near."

"'Charlie,' he murmured, with great difficulty, 'why were you so late? I called you so long—I had a presentiment—it was—' His head fell back, his eyes closed, the sentence was never finished."

"Two years afterward I visited the scene of that fatal accident. Old Donald, the Highlander, was still there; and when I eagerly questioned him about that cry on the hearth he simply answered, with the most childlike faith:

"'It was a warning, sir.'"

"And Kate, Sir Robert's eldest daughter, now my wife, firmly believes it was something supernatural foretelling the death of her father. As to myself, I have never been able to unravel the mystery or give it a rational explanation."

"And the strangest thing, gentlemen, is this: Every word I have told you is true."

AFTER DINNER.

BY ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

"THE wonders of the earth and sea," began the Poet, "always excite my imagination. There seems no limit to the freaks of Nature."

"I was once a boy," said the Proper Person; "I always carried off a prize for good behavior. There are no freaks in me."

"I am alluding to the man-faced crab that swarms in the inland seas of Japan," resumed the Poet. "The body of this uncanny creature is an inch in length; its face is like that of a Chinese coolie, with clearly defined eyes, nose and mouth; its legs, growing from the top of its head, hang over its face; and two feelers, like a forked beard, sprout from its chin."

"A very extraordinary creature," remarked the Cynic; "but I should not care to eat it. I don't want to be reminded of my kind by swallowing portions of a human-faced crab. It would never digest."

"Crabbed-faced creatures are common," suggested the Practical Man; "human-faced crabs are rare. A judicious admixture of kinds might accustom us to ugliness, and improve the national taste. There are too many beautiful objects about. Let us search the sea for crabs, which may not be indigenous to Japan."

"I don't want a comestible to remind me of a Chinese coolie," remarked the Modern Youth.

"Providence must have expressed the animal's walking instincts, when its legs sprouted out of its head," chimed in the Proper Person. "The suggestiveness is beautiful."

"This may be the long-sought-after Missing Link," resumed the Poet—"the sportive crustacean with a manly face and forked whiskers ascending through infinite gradations to the justice with beard of formal cut."

"I hope I'm not included in this gradual ascent. I shave, and now I mean to continue the practice," observed the Modern Youth. "I don't want to be aspersed by any fellow who owes me a grudge."

"I have often noticed aggressive-looking men with forked beards, in the Park on a Sunday," added the Proper Person, "who discourse with humility and freedom about their wrongs. Their ascent from this crab is now apparent."

"I hope you are not a professor of anything in particular of course excepting your own highly lauded

art?" asked the Modern Youth, glancing curiously at the Poet.

"I don't profess anything," was his silent rebuke; "I have a becoming sense of the dignity of my profession."

"That's right. A becoming sense suits you. Let us shake hands upon it." After this informal greeting, the Modern Youth continued:

"Professor Bischof, a Russian physician, opposed the admission of female students at the University of St. Petersburg, on the ground that the average weight of a woman's brain (three pounds four ounces) was three and one-half ounces less than that of a man."

"The Professor was estimating the weight of Russian brains," observed the Practical Man. "How can brain power be rated in a country without a Parliamentary franchise? I don't believe in the Professor's statistics."

"And if you do, what matter?" replied the Poet. "How can you weigh capacity, intelligence or knowledge? What scales can prove the fine sensibilities, the intuitive judgment—the *finesse* and perception of a woman's brain? It may have been wise not to have admitted women students in St. Petersburg; their brain power might have caused a revolution."

"I agree with you," remarked the Cynic. "The hidden force of a busy female brain is often independent of any weight whatever; while the preponderating power of the male brain is frequently too exhausting to have any effect. This is the philosophy of my anatomical studies of brains."

"You are all so anxious to divert the subject," continued the Modern Youth, "that you do not seem to want to know the end of it. When Professor Bischof died and his brain was weighed, it was found to be less than the average of the sex he despised. The moral of this is, Don't be a professor with a light brain."

"I like a moral," retorted the Proper Person, "because it soothes doubts. I am always weighing my wife's words when she speaks to me alone, and experience tells that this emanates from a strong and heavy brain."

"If people will malign other people's brains," said the Cynic, "no wonder that it is often at the expense of their own, which may thus deteriorate and shrivel with the exertion. Of course a man's brain is larger than a woman's; picking and stealing other people's ideas enlarge it. A woman keeps her own and sticks to them. I am enlarging my brain every day."

"Don't offend me," sadly retorted the Poet, "with personal reflections. There are no Russian Professors in this country to compute the worth of women's mental endowments. Perish these awful words of Byron's:

"What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger
Is woman! What a whirlwind is her head!
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
Is all the rest about her!"

But these lines are more cynical than true; woman's intellect at present need not be estimated by any one; it has given signal proof that it can estimate itself."

"A scientific contemporary," remarked the Practical Man, "has been calculating the force of the human jaw in masticating food."

"I don't think a jaw can be weighed," responded the Modern Youth. "Its expansion is beyond arithmetic. However, I can keep my mouth closed when it suits me."

"The calculation of the scientist is curious and appalling," resumed the Practical Man. "The smallest pressure (thirty pounds) was that of a seven-year-old child; the highest, recorded of a physician, thirty-five years old, was two hundred and seventy pounds. The physical condition of those experimented upon did not affect the result. It was proved that there was always an unnecessary force used in mastication. In chewing steak, the average crushing-point was from forty to eighty pounds, depending on the molar exertion of the crusher."

"This interesting information," replied the Proper Person, "is very cheerful. There is more in the jaw than is imagined. I am glad, however, that its destructive power has been calculated. If the jawbone of an ass destroyed so many thousand Philistines, how many jawbones would it take—"

"To overpower the Philistines of our own times? Is this what you mean?" queried the Modern Youth. "As this conundrum doesn't affect me, I can't answer it."

"The process of grinding," observed the Cynic, "is the outcome of our glorious civilization; the conquest of mind over matter; the victory of sloth over toil; the purchase of diligence by ease."

"Yes," rejoined the Proper Person, in mellifluous accents. "How delightful it is to be civilized. The lilies spin not. To sit idly and do nothing, watching my precious family grinding away at their happy tasks, is indeed a civilized joy."

"I cannot agree with you," answered the Poet. "Had Nature not dowered me with song, I might have been one of those who, 'whilst their companions slept were toiling upward in the night.' Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence' and Tennyson's 'Lotus Eaters' are studies for a happily constituted dreamer; but it is nobler to be

"Amidst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel and to possess;"

to share the toil of humanity, to be one of the workers in this mighty swarm of busy, eager, restless bees. No wonder the drones are eventually killed."

"It seems to me," observed the Modern Youth, "that you are wandering from the subject. I want to know about the crushing-point in chewing steak. I must experiment with my own jaws. There is a lot of force in them. Bad cooking and tough subjects may have slightly degenerated them, but I mean to go to a French watering-place and gently exercise them there."

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I TAUGHT school last winter and this summer. Seeing so many advertisements of dish washers, I thought I would make some money during vacation. You said in your paper the Rapid Dish Washer was best, so I sent to W. P. Harrison & Co., Columbus, O., who manufacture specialties for agents, and got one, asked the neighbors in and washed the dinner dishes so quick and nice, everyone present bought one. I made this week \$62.00, and that is a good deal better than school teaching; so I am going to sell dish washers this winter. Other teachers would be glad to have this hint.

DAISY HENRY.





COLLIER'S WEEKLY, Vol. XVI, No. 36, Pages 8-9.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, THE CENTRE OF THE EUROPEAN WAR TALK.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY, AND THEIR PALACE IN ROME.

(With photographs by Mary Spencer Warren.)

THE Palazzo del Quirinale has witnessed many changes since its foundation by Pope Gregory XIII., in 1572. Perhaps one of the most remarkable events in its history, however, was that of the year when the late King Victor Emmanuel took possession of the Italian throne, to be followed eight years later by his son Umberto, who, some little time previously, had married his cousin Marguerite of Savoy, and so contracted an alliance which met with the hearty approval of all classes; and gave the people of Italy a future Queen who was, and is, the most beautiful Queen in Europe, and one of the most accomplished.

The King in manner is simplicity itself, caring not one atom for State pomp and observances, and living, as far as possible, quietly and unostentatiously. Certain duties and responsibilities there are that he cannot shirk; these are faithfully performed, and the people, their wants and necessities, are largely benefited. His Majesty indeed is most charitable, and is said to give more largely than any King in Europe. It was only Christmas a year ago that thousands of pounds were given by him to the poor, one of the State balls having been abandoned to save expense. His real and personal property is but small, less indeed than that of many a nobleman; but, to his honor be it said, he has not touched the Crown income for over a year and a half, in pity for the poverty of the thirty millions of people over whom he reigns.

To speak even briefly of what he has done for Italy and the Italians, would be impossible in an ordinary article; but one instance I may recall: the epidemic of cholera which broke out some years ago. Everybody, — and not unnaturally — was thoroughly scared; and Naples, the scene of the outbreak, threatened to become a deserted city, when the King suddenly appeared among them, reviving their sinking courage, and restoring a degree of confidence that enabled them to successfully combat the dread enemy, and to cheerfully and uncomplainingly stand by the stricken ones. This event will never be forgotten by the Italians, and is one of the many good and self-denying acts that makes Umberto I. the idol of his people.

Some months ago I had a two weeks' sojourn in the city of Rome; and then, by the King's permission, I spent a few days at the Palazzo del Quirinale, photographing the various apartments, and enjoying a leisurely view of the contents. The building stands in a fine square of Piazza, surrounded with Grecian sculpture, and granite obelisks and basins. Large gateways open into courtyards with colonnades supported by many pillars, leading off to sunny gardens and shady avenues. The Grand Staircase with its rich marble mosaic leads direct into the spacious Guard's Hall, where members of the King's Guard — the flower of the Italian Army — are on duty. The Hall is rich in tapestry, marble, paintings and gold relief decorations. It is nearly one hundred and thirty feet in length, and has a lofty concave roof. Everywhere, the Crown, Arms and Rose are beautifully emblazoned; while the floor is most exquisitely inlaid with the many-colored marbles of the country. The State apartments are numerous, and of various sizes. At many palaces and mansions one finds all the saloons of a prodigious size, making a decidedly uncomfortable-looking effect, when only peopled by a few. Here, there are several small rooms, and they were much used in the reign of the former King, as but few guests were bidden to the palace and they not often. Some of the interior is very disappointing — it has such a look of wear and decay; and though antiquity in many directions is all very well, yet when neglect is apparent it always seems a great pity. There is much decay beyond repair. The present King has spent a great deal on restoration, but it would run away with a large fortune to do it all.

The Throne Room is of course one that would be deemed important; but though its decorations are rich, its fittings are very ordinary. The Throne itself is really only an ordinary velvet-covered chair on a dais; and there is not one at all for the Queen. However, the King is not at all particular about his seat, dispensing with ceremony as much as possible; he generally prefers to stand on the lowest step of the dais, and so receive any important personages. The apartment, however, contains some really magnificent frescoed paintings, chiefly Scriptural, these being interspersed with allegorical painting which is so like marble sculpture work, that unless very closely scanned may easily be mistaken for figures in relief. The lower part of the walls is covered in crimson brocade, the furniture and window hangings are in silk and velvet to match. As might be expected in Italy, the mantels are of the purest alabaster, and statuary of the same abundance. The whole of the side-tables, too, are of the choicest marble, supported by finely carved gilded figures.

The ballroom is one of the really beautiful apartments of the palace; it is of considerable size, and lavishly decorated. The ceiling is of great height, and in concave form, having rare frescoes by the Italian masters; these are mythological, and are continued over doorways and window recesses. The walls also show some exquisite paintings, and panels of gold relief carrying floral decorations and the Arms of the monarchy. The doorways and windows are hung with rich crimson, and the furniture is upholstered with the same. At one end is a fine orchestra where the band sits, and on either side of the room is a row of windows looking on the one hand into the Quirinale gardens and on the other into the street below, and over the city to Pope's Mount. When fully lighted, the effect must be very brilliant, as there are not only the large crystal chandeliers depending from the roof, but also over three dozen elaborate candelabra round the sides. On ceremonious occasions the numerous marble-topped pedestals to be noted carry the choicest palms and flowers.

A ball at the Quirinale is an event to be remembered, as many of the Italian ladies are noted for their extreme beauty, and as the Queen herself enters into the affair

with much zest, generally dancing two or three times during the evening. Her Majesty is noted for the richness of her costumes, and for her very charming manners in society. She possesses also, I think, some of the most beautiful jewels in the world — especially pearls and diamonds — which she generally wears at State observances. I may add that admission is available to those who have been presented at the Victorian Court, as well as to the Italian aristocracy. Here I may observe that the King does not dance, and though the Queen in entering the room takes her seat on a dais, the King very rarely does so, but generally makes directly for one or other of the groups of courtiers whom he describes, and enters at once into conversation with them.

Now I will call your attention to a saloon or small ballroom which is generally used for receptions. If anything, this is more gorgeous than the ballroom we have left, although on a smaller scale. It seems on entering to be one blaze of mirrors and finely carved gold relief, and on looking up one sees some of the choicest frescoes in the Quirinale. The chandeliers of Murano glass are works of art, and must be almost priceless. The floor is of the choicest parquet; the curtains are crimson and gold satin brocade with exquisite floral designs, and every bit of their handwork. The very handsomely overburnished furniture is upholstered in the same material. The circular fauteuil in the centre has an inner circle of gilded basketwork to carry rare flowers on State occasions, and similar pretty adornments are then arranged right round the room in front of the many mirrors. Here again the beautiful marble of the country lends itself effectively for decoration, being used for door recesses, outer continuation of the floor, and for overmantel and tables.

The Ambassadors' Room, the Yellow Room and several of the ante-rooms are well worth description, so costly and elaborate are the decorations, but passing these over I hasten to view a suite of apartments specially prepared for the visit of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, on the occasion of the Silver Wedding of the King and Queen. This suite was entirely redecorated and refitted for the event, and must have cost an enormous sum of money, for everything is on the most lavish scale, and effective beyond description. The rooms are fourteen in number, and were prepared in an incredibly short space of time — as soon as the King received notice of the intended visit of the Emperor and Empress for the above-mentioned festivities. In every room the ceilings are most magnificently frescoed, with decorations of cream and gold. Many of the walls are hung in satin and velvet of the richest colors; some show the rarest Florentine tapestry, and from the ceilings depend wondrous Venetian and Dresden chandeliers of purest crystal. The furniture is of the choicest wood that the country produces; the most beautiful plants and flowers are everywhere arranged in profusion, and the rarest of marble, the costliest of china, ormolu and platinum compose the other decorations. Even pedestals and bathtubs are of pure Carrara marble, frames of settees are richly plated, and the framework of much of the carved furniture shows hand-paintings and mosaics by the best of Italy's artists. These apartments must be seen to be properly understood and appreciated; words could not convey any adequate idea of their beauty, the effect of which is simply dazzling. I am enabled to give you photographs of two, which may convey some idea of what I saw. In the Emperor's cabinet you will notice the very exquisite tapestry, and in the Empress's boudoir the beautiful brocade velvet covering of the walls, which cost no less than thirty-five dollars per yard.

Returning again to the Guard's Hall, I cross the latter in the direction of what was formerly the Chapel at the palace, where Pius IX., the predecessor of the present Pope, formerly officiated daily. Mass is not now said here, nor has it been since the loss of temporal power by the Pontiff, he having forbidden its celebration in the Quirinale. The present King has divided the place; one part of it is now practically unused, the other contains some hundreds of mementoes of the funeral of Victor Emmanuel. Many of these are exceedingly costly, consisting of crowns and laurel wreaths in pure gold, set with precious stones; and an immense collection of illuminated addresses, silken banners, and silk ribbons, which had been attached to the beautiful wreaths sent from nearly all the reigning monarchs of Europe, celebrities of every nation, and cities and towns of Italy. It is a collection at once unique and interesting, and speaks impressively of the esteem with which Victor Emanuel was regarded by the world at large, and more especially by his own people. The work ably inaugurated by him has been just as ably seconded and carried out by his son, aided by his universally popular wife, Italy, as you know, is a member of the Triple Alliance, the most powerful league ever formed in the history of Europe. The allies, who are the Emperors of Austria and Germany, are each of them enormously rich, and both maintain their respective Courts in sumptuous style. King Umberto, however, is not sufficiently wealthy to do likewise, and, as I have previously said, he does not like spending the State money; so that his Court is small and insignificant in comparison. It was only Christmas a year ago that a number of the officials were dismissed as superfluous personages. His Majesty did this, not to save money, but that he might have the more to bestow on the poor who needed it much; and it is perhaps almost unnecessary to say, that when any calamity in the shape of cholera, flood or earthquake overtakes his people, he is not only the first with his sympathy but also first with practical and pecuniary assistance, always giving largely from his private purse.

The Queen is quite as popular as is the King, and in Rome may be seen almost daily driving through the streets and along the fashionable roads of Monte Pincio. Unlike the King, she seems to enjoy all that savors of State and its surroundings; and though the King's attendants are all dressed in a quiet livery, the Queen's are all in royal scarlet; her carriage is always drawn by four splendid horses with either outriders or equerries. In the matter of dress the Queen shows very good taste, and is fond of all that is costly, more especially in the way of lace. She is reputed to be — with the exception of Queen Victoria — the best educated Queen in Europe, knowing English, French, Ger-

man, Spanish and Latin thoroughly, and speaking each as fluently as she does her own Italian. She is also a finished Greek scholar, and is not only thoroughly familiar with the masterpieces of European literature, quoting Petrarch, Dante and Goethe, but is so fond of Shakespeare that she has written a little work on his heroines. Her nature seems to be thoroughly artistic as well as poetic, and certainly in music she possesses more than ordinary powers. The early compositions of the Italian masters, and the works of Beethoven, seem to have for her a great fascination.

Early hours are the fashion at the Quirinale, and the Queen is seldom in bed after seven in the morning, both their Majesties having breakfast together very soon after that hour; this over, the correspondence is attended to, then there are often private audiences, visits to studios — of which the Queen is very fond — and her daily drive, luncheon and afternoon tea with the King, and whatever else may have to be done, always an hour or so before dinner with her husband; when sometimes they sit chatting over the events of the day, and sometimes her Majesty plays on the mandolin, lyre or piano. Dinner is served at seven, and is usually a small party, consisting of the King and Queen, the Prince of Naples — the heir and only son — and one or two lords and ladies in waiting. The Queen's Receptions and Drawing-Rooms are always well attended, but never crowded, her Majesty preventing that by making the occasions numerous. The Drawing-Rooms are not held as in England, in the afternoon, but in the evening — an innovation that might well be copied at other Courts, as evening dress always looks better beneath electric or gas light, to say nothing of the added beautiful effect imparted to the salons.

Her Majesty, too, is very charitable, and most energetically takes up various philanthropic causes, visiting personally hospitals and other institutions, entering gayly into conversation with the inmates, distributing flowers among them or making the children happy with new toys.

Speaking of flowers reminds me that I have said nothing of the Quirinale gardens. These, though not very large, are very beautiful, having a wondrous display of flowers, ferns, palms and other trees, such as we are almost unaccustomed to, or at the most only see, in the best of glass houses. Then there are such delightful shady avenues with such exquisite statuary and fine marble fountains, that the place seems almost a fairyland. Also I must not omit to mention that there is a very good maze in the grounds, of which you get a good view from the ballroom windows. The outside places, such as the riding school and stables, can only just be mentioned. They are some of the very finest of their kind; in fact I have not been able to do more than give you mere examples of the interior of the Quirinale. The huge pile of buildings contains so many saloons with such varied, antique and historically interesting contents, that it would demand a very much larger space than I can occupy to describe them in detail. — (See page 12.)

MARY SPENCER WARREN.

JACK'S DIAMOND.

A TALE OF THE KIMBERLY DIAMOND FIELDS.

BY LUCY HARDY.

THEY were "chumming" together in a diamond claim near Kimberly, and fortune had smiled upon them at last, the fickle goddess giving her favor to the hitherto unluckier of the pair, to Jack Denver, who, having proved a "failure" in the old country, had been sent out to the Cape by his relatives, "and with his usual taste for gambling had taken up diamond digging instead of entering a bank as we all wished," as his home critics groaned severely. Yet there was a great deal of good in poor Jack, "no man's enemy but his own"; and perhaps had his mother lived, or more of his relatives believed in him as did his cousin Fanny, the young fellow might have been doing better for himself than forming one of a set of adventurers in a mining camp.

As for James Wilson, Jack's "chum" in the claim, no one knew aught of his family or history. That he was an educated man and a gentleman was clear enough, but Wilson was not communicative about his own affairs; and though, after some months' close association together, honest Jack had poured out all his own autobiography to his comrade, he knew as little of his companion's private history as upon the first day of their acquaintance. Yet a very real friendship, amounting to a passionate attachment on Jack's part, existed between the pair, dating from the time when Wilson had nursed his companion through a tedious bout of fever, while they were fellow-lodgers in a Cape boarding-house. It was Wilson who induced Jack to abandon the post procured by his relatives, and to sink all his remaining means in the purchase of a "diamond claim," which they worked as partners, without much luck at first, then with small "finds," and now with a great success.

It was to Jack that the luck fell — Jack who discovered the diamond which, if the Kimberly dealer's verdict endorsed the digger's hopes, would make the fortunes of the pair. It was a strange, almost bewildering sensation to Jack, to look at that little stone lying in his palm, and to think of what the find might represent. Home, happiness — Fanny!

"We'll take the diamond to Kimberly in the morning — it is too late to start there to-night," said Jack, as he carefully knotted up the precious stone in the corner of a handkerchief and tied it round his neck under his shirt.

"Do you think you have it safely?" asked Wilson, whose eyes had gleamed yet more eagerly than his friend's at the sight of the jewel.

"Quite safe; and no one but ourselves knows I have it. Well, old fellow, it shall be shared and shared alike in whatever it brings me; we'll halve the good luck as we have the bad," and the two grasped hands cordially.

Wilson had perhaps practiced as either doctor or chemist in that past life which he was so reticent in speaking about; he possessed a small chest of medical

drugs and appliances, and had obtained a repute in the camp as a man helpful in cases of illness. When the two returned to their hut on this special evening they found, as they had often done before, a messenger from an outlying part of the diggings, with a request that Wilson would come "with some of his stuff" to see a sick man, whom he had before relieved.

"You don't mind being alone for the night, old fellow," said Wilson, as he gathered together a few bottles from his chest: "I shall stay as long as I can be of use."

"Not I; I've my six-shooter handy, and—only you and I know what we know."

"Well, I've left you everything ready—you've only the coffee to warm over," said Wilson, who usually officiated as cook. "Take care of yourself—and the diamond," he added, in a lower key, as he hurried after the impatient messenger.

Left alone, Denver carefully closed the rude door and sat down to think. Had his luck really changed at last; were the old days of "failure" over for good? Dear little Fan, true-hearted and brave, was her faith in her lover to be rewarded at last?

"And I'm glad for Jim's sake as well as my own," thought the young man; "for this means fortune to him as well as to me."

Denver took out the stone which represented so much; handled it tenderly, almost reverentially, weighed it in the scales, sketched its outline on a bit of paper, noted down its number of carats, toying with it as though loth to lay it aside—and the more he examined the diamond the more his belief in its value increased.

"I shall know more to-morrow when I take it to Kimberly," he said to himself, as he carefully replaced the stone in its hiding-place, and set on the panikin of coffee to warm. To eat would have choked him, but he drained a cup of the beverage, although—was it fancy?—this coffee seemed to have an odd taste.

"I've burned it, I suppose," thought Denver, as he threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his bed, with his loaded revolver by his side; he was always a light sleeper, and a step outside the hut sufficed to rouse him.

When, however, he awoke next morning, the sun was high in the heavens. He started to his feet with a strange sense of having passed through a night of unrest and struggle, with a racking headache and a parched throat. With a sudden foreboding of evil he clutched at his neck; the handkerchief was there still, but the diamond was gone!

Who had thus robbed him? and how was it that he had not awoke while he was plundered? The hut had certainly been entered during the night, for the bolt had been in some manner pushed back from the outside, and the door stood ajar; but the thief had vanished as silently as he had come. And the diamond—the diamond which represented the fortune of his partner as well as his own—had vanished!

The camp folks said that Denver—Denver, usually so quiet and good-natured—went mad for a while, as he rushed out wildly shouting that he had been robbed and ruined. It was only when Wilson returned, late that evening, and verified the tale of the discovery of the stone, that the listeners believed that Denver's outcries were other than ravings of insanity.

By this time, however, the young fellow himself was calmer and able to think. He had dispatched the sketch and full description of the jewel to Kimberly, to be placed in the hands of every diamond dealer there, so that the thief might be detected should he offer his booty for sale.

Wilson took the news of their mutual loss fairly well, though it was of course a great blow; and Jack sometimes—though he hated himself for the thought—fancied that his comrade secretly blamed him for the calamity, suspected he had drunk heavily over night, and so slept while he was plundered. Could Wilson ever imagine that Jack had pretended to lose the stone? but Denver angrily dismissed such an idea from his mind as a wronging of his friend. A change, however, came over their mutual relations after the mysterious vanishment of the jewel. Wilson grew silent, reserved, morose, even suspicious; kept apart to himself, slept with his revolver by his side, seemed at times to shrink from his companion.

"Can he doubt me?" asked Jack more than once of himself, as the pair plodded doggedly on at the claim, from which all luck appeared to have departed with the lost jewel.

Fever was in the camp, not an uncommon visitant in such places, and Wilson "went down" with it. It was a swift business with him; Denver left him (by his own request) one morning in bed, and returned at night to find him a corpse. It was an awful shock, all the more so because their intercourse had been so changed of late; and a camp neighbor, who looked in, found Denver kneeling by the rude couch with his head buried in the coverlid, sadly remembering the deep friendship which had once bound him to the dead, who had probably passed away misjudging his quondam friend. The voice of the visitor jarred disagreeably with Denver's thoughts.

"Guess I'd seek round for your diamond now if I was you," he said, abruptly.

Jack Denver rose up indignantly. "My friend was away—four miles off—the night I was robbed," he said.

The visitor coughed dryly. "I see him," jerking his thumb toward the bed, "slip back to this camp 'bout midnight and slip away again in half an hour," he remarked, coolly; "wasn't worth speaking before, the stone being gone, but in your place I'd look over his things very careful."

"It's a lie—a foul lie!" shouted Denver, angrily; but, after his unwelcome visitor had withdrawn, he began with hesitating fingers to turn over the dead man's personal possessions. It was necessary, of course, to do this, in case of finding letters or papers. But Wilson had left no such evidences of his identity, and a few trilling personal possessions were all that he owned.

Though it confirmed the loss of a fortune, honest Jack was glad, heartily glad, that the most careful scrutiny of the dead man's effects brought no diamond to light, even when the last offices were performed for



GUESTS RIDING TO THE PARK AT BILTMORE THROUGH THE SWANNANOA.

THE completion and occupancy of the beautiful and costly estate of Biltmore by its owner, Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, near Asheville, N. C., was an event which was celebrated with an elaborate series of festivities worthy of the occasion and the place. Christmas Day found the leading members of the Vanderbilt family assembled at the new chateau, surrounded by the costly evidences of the preparations made for their comfort and pleasure. The ride to the park in which the new country seat is placed involves a pleasant drive from the railroad station through the fields, and in the absence of the proposed bridge spanning the picturesque Swannanoa River, the fording of the stream in the regular Southern fashion, a glimpse of which is given in our illustration. Views and an adequate description of the many charms of the place have already been given.

Among those who attended the "house-warming"

were Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, the owner's mother; Mrs. Bromley, his aunt; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. W. Seward Webb, Mrs. Kissam, Miss Kissam, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and family, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, and Mr. W. D. Sloane and family. Valets, chefs and florists followed, with numerous servants in the wake, or arrived in advance of these notable guests, and at the present time many other friends from New York and elsewhere are assembled under the roof of Biltmore.

The charms of winter life in Western North Carolina, which include excellent driving, saddle-riding, hunting and other field sports, will doubtless, with the impetus given the region by Mr. Vanderbilt in his great investment there, lead to other splendid private parks and homes among the picturesque scenes of the Southern Blue Ridge.

the body. Not even to himself would Denver have plainly acknowledged how he had almost dreaded finding upon the corpse a bag or belt, or some such hiding-place, where the lost gem was secreted. But the last rites were now performed, and the dead man lay with calm face and folded hands upon the rough bed.

"That brute lied, I knew it all along," said Denver; then, with a sudden outburst of emotion, he laid his hand on the cold fingers and cried aloud: "Oh, Jim! my dear old chum, forgive me for having wronged you even in thought for a moment."

What was there which *felt hard under his touch*? On the breast of the dead man was a small porous plaster, such as is used for chest complaints; Denver had not removed it from the body, but now—

Careful sponging loosened it. It was lifted up, and beneath it, a thin layer of paper and cotton wool—and—*Jack's diamond!*

Denver laid down the gem with a sick feeling of heart, forgetful for the moment of the fortune which its recovery represented to him.

"I have found my diamond," he cried, bitterly, "but I have lost what was better—my faith in the friend whom I had so loved and trusted!"

N.B.—There was a case reported in the newspapers a few days ago in which a female miser (in America) died with a quantity of bank-notes hidden under a similar plaster on her chest.

DRAMATIC FEATURES OF A WEEK.

THREE excellent dramatic novelties marked the week ending January 11. At Abbey's Theatre Mr. John Hare, who made such a good impression in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith," appeared in a clever three-act comedy by Sydney Grundy (adapted from the French) called "A Pair of Spectacles." It proved to be an old theme, but was so well handled by the adapter and so artistically rendered by Mr. John Hare and Mr. Charles Groves, who chiefly sustained the piece, that the fashionable audiences witnessing it expressed only genuine delight. The idea of the play can be summed up almost in one sentence: Mr. Benjamin Goldfinch (Hare) borrows the spectacles of his brother Gregory (Groves) and immediately sees the world in quite a different light. The interest centres entirely about the amusing acting of these two brothers.

Another feature of the week was Pinero's latest comedy, "The Benefit of the Doubt," produced at the Lyceum Theatre. Like all of Pinero's plays, it proved to be a fine bit of artistic work from the acting standpoint, and brilliant in dialogue and situation. In the cast were Herbert Kececy, Fritz Williams, J. L. Le Moyne, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Miss Isabel Irving and Miss Bessie Tyree, all prime favorites who did full justice to Pinero's masterpiece.

The opera "Carmen" is, of course, a classic production that fills the Metropolitan Opera House in this city through a long season, any time, with the *élite* of wealth, society and culture. But the play, the adaptation, "Carmen" is something else. True, the Metropolitan's clientele trooped in large numbers to the Empire when Olga Nethersole astounded the oldest front row with her monumental and quite phenomenal exhibitions of the osculatory art. The whole town was taken by storm. The staid and solemn critics of the *Tribune* and other metropolitan journals, who stand up for the dignity and seemly behavior of dramatic

art in New York, seemed to be asking themselves for a way out—whether they would denounce that kiss, take it good-naturedly, or let it alone.

Such an outbreak, many argued, would run itself out quickly—they all do. But this "Carmen" was a strong play on the merits. Before the end of her engagement at the Empire, Olga Nethersole was asked to extend her stay at that resort of up-to-date Mummerdom. "Carmen," the play, is not likely to leave right away. It is expected, however, that in a few weeks, the "country" will have a chance to see and hear the play that shook New York. It may not be this week, and then again it may be before you know it. I prithce, do not let Olga Nethersole come to your town unawares, with "Carmen," the play.

These three dramatic novelties are well illustrated in this number of the WEEKLY by Mr. Byron, who certainly has no rival in the line of theatrical photographing.—(See page 4.)

CHANGE is the common feature of society. The world is like the shifting scenes of a panorama; ten years convert the population of the schools into men and women, and make and mar fortunes; twenty years convert infants into lovers, fathers and mothers, and decide men's fortunes; thirty years turn fascinating beauties into bearable old women, and convert lovers into grandfathers; forty years change the face of all society; and fifty years will, alas! find us in a world of which we know nothing, and to which we are unknown. FROUDE.

WROUGHT IRON was largely used by the Greeks and Romans, and they seem also to have been acquainted with cast iron. The Chinese are credited with having made use of wrought iron and steel two thousand years, and cast iron four hundred years B.C. They built a bridge with cast iron columns over a ravine one thousand feet deep in the first century of the Christian era.

A PORTUGUESE artificer, who was suspected of free-thinking, was at the point of death. A Jesuit who came to confess him, holding a crucifix before his eyes, said: "Behold the God whom you have so much offended. Do you recollect Him now?" "Alas! yes, father," replied the dying man; "it was I who made him."

HEROISM is active genius; genius contemplative heroism. Heroism is the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action. PH. GEERTJAN.

THE Foreign Affairs Committee of the House will go very slow in the matter of recognizing the Cuban insurgents. The principal reason is, that so long as the present status continues on the island, Spain will be responsible for damages to American citizens, who have over thirty million dollars invested in Cuban sugar plantations, mines and other valuable property. If this country should formally recognize the rebels Spain would be free from all obligations of this nature. In the midst of all this turmoil, Hayti has been resting in peace; but Hippolyte's Government is beginning to "break," the elections were to begin on the 10th, and the usual election display of shooting irons was expected to begin.

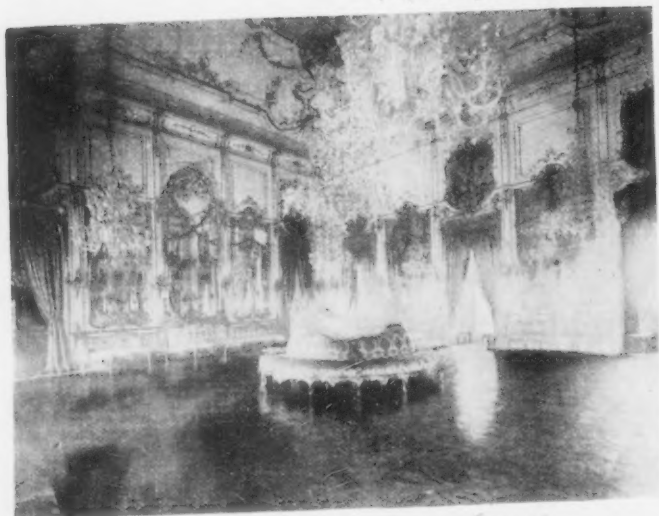
THE Princess of Wales, so they say, once confessed that her favorite dish was Yorkshire pudding, her favorite art millinery, and her favorite occupation minding her own business.



QUIRINAL EXTERIOR.



QUIRINAL GARDENS.



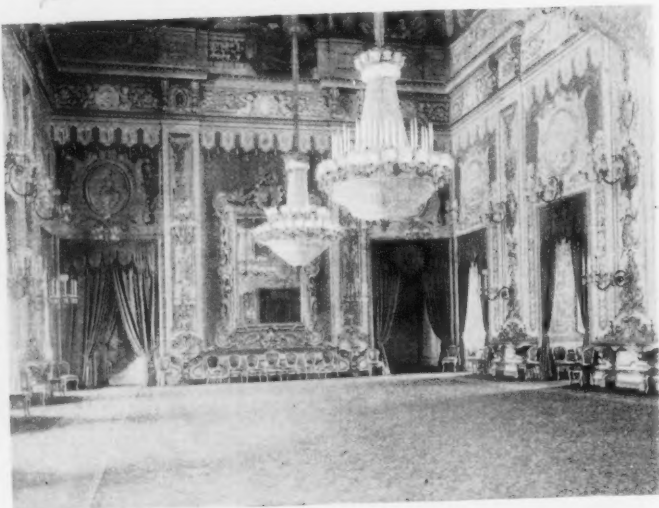
SALOON.



CABINET OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.



GUARDS' HALL.



BALL ROOM.



BOUDOIR OF GERMAN EMPEROR.

HOME OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

(See page 10.)

IS IT ALL STAGE PLAY?

"An' ye will not fight," says the Jester to the fencers in the old play, "then, by my halidom, peace, peace, and have done with it." These alleged warlike nations are constantly about to reach a crisis, but they are as far as ever from reaching for one another's scalps. It is always the fight that fails, at the last moment. The police jump into the ring, somebody shuts off the gas; but when the performance is advertised again, the crowd and the expectant enthusiasm and the serious faces are all there, waiting and nervous, as though the fight had not always failed before.

A recent bellicose situation in sporting circles in this country was settled by the retirement of the champion from the ring, and his formal adoption of the stage as a career. That was as it should be. The preliminary heating of telegraph wires, with the fervid interviews telling what the champion thought of the other fellow, and vice versa, was a good advertisement, and on the whole far more decent than the average stage matter furnished to the tired reporters by the press agent.

There is nothing really out of the way in the bellicose mutterings of the European Powers, and our little Jingo play, here, except that it is all very funny—too funny and too prolonged. We know the fight will fail at the last minute; still we sit right there and look serious as though some crowned head were about to be cracked, or as though we would have to fight a third war for American independence, over Venezuela.

Well, it is better than real war—this waiting for the warships that do not thunder at our gates of commerce. It keeps us thinking about the real article, with a vague, but effectual, head-cooling dread. "The situation is graver than ever," in the cable dispatches, every other morning; and we have the odd day to think how foolish war would be, and to avoid it. The crowned heads have the same odd-day to revise the dispatches they had no time to revise the day before. It will be difficult to get up a war under the circumstances.

CHICAGO FOR A CHANGE.

By a vote of twenty-six for Chicago, against twenty-four for St. Louis and one for Cincinnati, our Metropolis, Jr., by the Great Unsalted Seas, captured the Democratic Convention. It is said that all the night preceding January 16 the revels of the Committeemen and the arguments of the spokesmen for the four competing cities filled the ear of Washington. The New York men had the conventional silk hat—but not, alas! for this convention. All the pro-silver men fought hard for St. Louis that entered as leader with nineteen votes. Chicago, for a change, asserted herself and said she could do almost as well as any other city, bar none. The easy, happy-go-lucky lobbying of the Chicagoans deeply touched the admiring throng of brainy men; and when a champagne cork hissed through the circumambient cigar smoke, it was pathetic to see these champions of the Cattle Feeding brand dodge. Cincinnati had her great railroad facilities to recommend her; but it was not to be Cincinnati's prize. Chicago did not do much; came in to see the committee with six votes and went out with twenty-six. She just waited for every time another city's vote dropped—and then picked it up. Chicago is a great city, hard to beat, and might do great things in a few new directions, if she would stir herself occasionally. Wonder why she did not get the Republican Convention? Good luck to her. One of them is enough.

THE STRUGGLE OF 1896 OPENED.

WHEN the Republican National Committee chose St. Louis for the National Convention, no particular significance attached to the decision, except that St. Louis made a splendid fight and earned the honor. The failure of New York to win the prize, as a recognition of the great Republican victory in the Empire State under the leadership of Morton, who is a candidate for the Presidency, was commented on by some as an indication that the Republicans of the nation did not regard that victory as an available boom for Governor Morton's candidacy. But there are no facts upon which to base the statement, that the Republican choice of St. Louis affects the candidacy of any one of the leading Republican candidates for the nomination.

The Democratic Committee's choice of Chicago, however, is unusually significant. New York entered the fight with vim and money. When the contest was at its height, the silver men made their fight on St. Louis. New York was opposed by the anti-third term men, and the anti-Wall Street element. A poll of the committeemen showed nine outspoken against Cleveland and a third term, eight in favor of both and the rest non-committal and divided among other candidates. Non-committal were eight, for a silver man five, for Whitney four, for Morrison five, Governor Matthews of Indiana two, Vice-President Stevenson two. The anti-silver attitude of the Democratic Administration appears to receive little indorsement from this poll of forty-three committeemen representing forty States.

The outcome of the contest would not mean much were it not for the fact that the Cleveland men and the "sound money" men forced the fighting. The end of it was that St. Louis, the silverite choice, came out of the committee-room with five votes more than when she entered; and Chicago won by receiving New York's original fourteen votes and six of Cincinnati's original eleven. St. Louis receiving five of them to add to her original nineteen. This is the opening of the great campaign of 1896, and the Democracy have served notice in advance that the gold-bond, anti-silver policy does not find favor in their sight.

The fight for silver has ramifications in all directions. The newly elected Senator Foraker of Ohio has made a special point to pronounce in favor of bimetalism, and in so doing he undoubtedly speaks for the young Republicans of the Central States; the quick response of the banks and other home investors to the bond issue is an indication that the whole country has confidence in our ability to get along without the aid of the gold brokers and syndicates, foreign and domestic. The money changers are looked upon with suspicion. The nervousness about the gold reserve is disappearing as the people grasp the full meaning of Treasury drainage by means of greenbacks and Treasury notes. On this the issue is squarely joined; the Cleveland Ad-

ministration calling for the retirement of the greenbacks after their exchange for gold, to prevent their draining out more gold, and the Republicans asserting that they could not drain gold out of the Treasury unless the Government paid them out for the expenses of administration.

All of this will lead up inevitably to the original issue, first suggested in these columns. Will bimetalism and a protective tariff stand or fall together? Or is it possible for a debtor country like this to maintain a currency system, or any stable economic condition, without at the same time keeping the balance of trade always in our favor? In 1893, a few weeks after this journal argued that bimetalism and the protective system were indissolubly connected, and depended on each other, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, now as then a candidate for the Presidential nomination, took the same ground in an interview had in London with a representative of the *Press* newspaper of this city.

There can be no doubt that this question is up now for final settlement. If the Democratic choice of Chicago for the National Convention means, as we believe, that the financial policy of the Administration does not commend itself to the rank and file of the party, the campaign of 1896 will be fought out on the basis of which party can do the best for the home needs of the nation. And it will be fortunate if such be the case.

The continued issue of bonds is fast leading to another conclusion in the public mind. The irrepressible question will not down: Is this the way to pay a national debt? Should the national debt be paid at all? If this whole difficulty arises from the Government's attempt to do a banking business, what is it that compels the Government to do such business? Clearly, it is that other attempt of Government to pay off the national debt. Financiers, like Eckels of the Treasury and Windmüller of Wall Street, say the Government must let banking alone; if that is sound, then we must quit trying to pay the national debt. Instead, we must fund the entire amount as irredeemable Consols paying three per cent in perpetuity.

These two questions, What shall be done to restore the prosperity of 1892? and, What shall be done to take the nation's finances out of the hands of the money changer? must be settled this year. The fight is on. The WEEKLY favors the Consol scheme; and an immediate return to the protective system under which the country was prosperous in 1892.

ARE WE READY FOR THIS?

THE resolution introduced by Senator Davis of Minnesota reaffirms the Monroe Doctrine, and declares that no European Power shall acquire territory in the New World by purchase, protectorate, cession, force or any other means whatsoever. It is stated that President Cleveland regards the resolution as extreme and untenable. The *London Chronicle* believes that both England and Venezuela will begin inquiries to ascertain further data as to the disputed boundary.

A BLOODY CUBA LIBRE?

GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS has been removed from the Governor-Generalship of Cuba because, as he says, he has prevented the massacres and other bloody work of the Ten Years' War. He says that Spain has lost the Americas because of the Spaniards themselves. We are on the eve either of a victory for the Cuban insurgents or of bloody reprisals by the Spaniards, that may call for the intervention of civilized Governments. In point of barbarity so far, the insurgents have the record over their enemies. The new Governor-General, Valeriano Weyler, is expected to make a change in this regard.

The impression is growing stronger that President Cleveland will ask Congress to intervene regarding this torn island. Some time ago, when Madrid was addressed from Washington, a promise was made that the rebellion would be put down in a few weeks. General Weyler is very energetic and severe, but is said to be a just man. He will not err on the side of leniency, says the Spanish Consul-General in this city. A bloody crisis is at hand in Cuba.

HIS PENCIL IS SILENT NOW.

CARTOONIST BERNHARD GILLAM of *Judge* died of typhoid fever at Canajoharie, N. Y., January 19. Of all the jokers of the pencil, Gillam could execute probably the best "talking likeness," in the pose and facial expression of the role he intended for his victim. He was by birth an Englishman; at his death he was only thirty-eight. Into his short career he had crowded the work of a lifetime, for other men, in the various duties of editor, manager, inventive artist and tireless worker. Death always brings its own excuse, in some form; but in the case of Bernhard Gillam, incessant work had much to do with his untimely taking off.

SHIPS THAT FLY—IN THE DARK.

THE English flying squadron that left Portsmouth last week was first destined—by rumor—for South Africa, then for Constantinople, Bermuda and La Guayra, Venezuela, in turn. The most probable rumor is that which destines the squadron for Venezuelan waters.

THE KAISER WILL GET OVER IT.

BERLIN celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of the Empire January 18, 1896. The Emperor was much displeased at the absence of some of the South German rulers, including the Regent of Bavaria and the King of Wurtemberg.

THE EX-PRESIDENT IS BETROTHED.

GENERAL HARRISON and Mrs. Dimmick are engaged to be married after Lent. Kind messages are pouring in from all directions. The ex-President has authorized the announcement. The prospective bride of the distinguished statesman is a niece by marriage of the late Mrs. Harrison. The match has been several times hinted at by the newspaper men, without confirmation or denial by the high contracting parties or their friends. Good wishes will go out to the couple from all classes of citizens, but from no class more cordially

than from those enterprising gentlemen and ladies of the press who had inside information of the betrothal all the time.

ANOTHER SPREE FOR CLARENCE.

THE fine hand of English diplomacy and intrigue is probably at work in the latest move in Nicaragua. The Mosquito Indians have called back Chief Clarence, the worthless, drunken and profligate protégé of the British Jamaica negroes, who have large dealings with the Mosquitoes. He caused trouble once before for Nicaragua, and is doubtless brought back for mischief this time, too. He is the tool of these Jamaica negroes, and is probably asked back by them instead of by the Indians.

A QUEEN OF HIGH COMEDY.

MRS. STIRLING, afterward Lady Gregory, was one of the lights of the English stage. Since she relinquished it, the grande dame of comedy in highest perfection may be said to have gone with her. American readers will be interested to know that Mrs. Stirling's last public appearance was at the London Lyceum, where she played the Nurse to Mary Anderson's Juliet. It was at the revival of "Romeo and Juliet" in 1883. Mrs. Stirling's stage career began in 1836, and her repertory included such roles as Katharina in "The Taming of the Shrew," and even Cordelia, which she played to Macready's Lear. The retirement of the great actress was due to dimness of sight. Time dealt lightly with her other attractions. She married very happily, late in life, and is still the idol of hosts of distinguished theatre-goers on the other side.

A CULTURED MAN OF LETTERS.

MUCH has been said of the new Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin; and some of the funny young men of the daily press have even undertaken to laugh at a recent poem of his on the Transvaal trouble. Mr. Austin's appointment was not due to his being the greatest living poet of England, which he certainly is not; but to the fact that he is a refined and cultivated representative of English poetic literature. Laureate Austin is sixty years old, and has written a great deal. He ought to be respectfully "considered" by our newspaper men, for he is one himself. A very pretty story is told of Mr. Austin in connection with the honors paid to his predecessor, Lord Tennyson. About fifteen years ago Mr. Austin was at Delphi in Greece, where a Greek priest met him, took a liking to him, and tore from a tree a branch of bay in full flower, which he gave to his visitor. When Tennyson died Mr. Austin sent this beautiful branch of bay as his tribute. It was placed in the coffin along with Lady Tennyson's roses and a volume of the great poet's beloved Shakespeare. Mr. Austin is a man of very high personal character, a thorough Englishman and a scholar of rigid tastes and untiring industry. In the course of nature he ought to have many years' lease of the honorable position of England's Poet Laureate.

THERE ARE TWO STORIES.

PRESIDENT KRUEGER of the Transvaal Republic has come into international prominence, along with the redoubtable Jameson, who seems to be the instigator of all the trouble down there. The latest about Krueger is that Mr. David Haywood of Indianapolis is reported to have claimed relationship with him. According to this story Krueger's mother was born in Germany but settled in Mauch Chunk, Pa., where the future President of the Transvaal was born. At the age of twelve young Krueger ran away from home, and was never heard of until a few weeks ago. According to the official records of South Africa, however, Krueger has been President of the Republic since 1882, was born in Cape Colony in 1825, and when thirteen went with his father, who was an emigrant, across the Vaal River in 1839.

Jameson is known as a vigorous, hardy pathfinder in the wilds of South Africa; about the only fault that can be found with him is, that he wears no cravat on his collar, when in explorer's costume—a clear sign that he is liable to be raised up by very slight circumstances to do a great deal of mischief in the world. His little escapade of invading the Boer Republic is likely to cost Cape Colony or the Mother Country several million dollars. He is now a prisoner and will be transferred to England for trial.

THE SHIPS OF THE —?

IF those fierce-looking warships that England has stationed in American waters should let slip their modern machinery, it would be a serious matter for both sides. They are too fine, almost, to be used in such bad business as actual war. The question is, Are they ships of a friend or of an enemy?

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE guardships off Constantinople will certainly be re-enforced by a powerful armament one of these days. England's flying squadron that left Portsmouth last week ought to be destined for the Bosphorus. When these guardships and the squadron unite in one demand, for the reform or the removal of Turkish misgovernment over the Christian States, the long and bloody reign of the unspeakable Turk in Southeastern Europe will be near its end.

VENEZUELA REUNITED.

GENERAL JOSE MANUEL HERNANDEZ, a revolutionary chief, once a bitter enemy of President Crespo, has offered to return to Venezuela to take a place in the army owing to the gravity of the situation at home. The President accepts his services and speaks in warm terms of the patriotism of the great chieftain. A special meeting of the Cabinet was held at Caracas January 15, to devise ways and means to suppress revolutionary tendencies. The return of Hernandez and a general proclamation of amnesty, to all except the murderous leaders who have hitherto disgraced Venezuela, ought to bring about a thoroughly united country to stand up against the threatened spoliation by Great Britain. Another British force is reported to have started for the Venezuelan frontier.

THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. S. WOOD.

FRITZ.



BADGE OF THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

LAST week I considered briefly the subject of what even a child may accomplish; and my story this week will illustrate what something very much more helpless and dependent than is even our youngest reader, was able to do for the comfort and happiness of many.

It is a true account of the good accomplished by a dear little Skye-terrier, the pet of a wealthy woman who resides in Brooklyn, who has been for five years a real blessing to the sick and suffering children in the Seavey Hospital of that city.

Do dogs have happy thoughts? is the question, or what do you suppose prompted shaggy little Fritz—with his two bright eyes peeping out from such an abundance of soft, silvery silky hair that they seemed like tiny, dark twinkling stars—to walk one afternoon into the large, dull, forbidding-looking hospital building, about two blocks from his own luxurious home? For Fritz was the pampered darling of a wealthy and indulgent mistress. He was, moreover, an obedient little fellow, and when some one of the hospital attendants, who looked upon the unusual visitor as an intruder, ordered him out, Fritz dejectedly turned and sorrowfully walked away.

Doubtless hoping for a more kindly reception another day—and right here we have a lesson on perseverance, or "try, try again"—the next afternoon Fritz presented himself again, and when some one smiled at the little fellow and assured him that he was a "good doggie," Fritz sat up upon his haunches and extended one tiny paw, as he had been taught to do, in polite greeting. That day Fritz tarried for some time, and being such a well-behaved dog, was welcomed when he dropped in again the next afternoon at about the same hour. He soon made friends with all, and was allowed to roam not only through the corridors and office at his own sweet doggie will, but in a very short time had found his way unmolested into the wards, and there he evinced a decided preference for the one in which were the rows of tiny white beds on which lay the sick and suffering children. Apparently divining which occupants of the large room would welcome him most kindly, or were most greatly in need of his attentions, the silky-haired, bright-eyed little fellow would jump up upon the bed of some convalescing child and quietly curl down within reach of the sufferer's thin, white hand, and let her stroke him to her heart's content. That he knew what was proper in a sick-room, and was really imperative in a hospital ward where lay so many sufferers, was evinced by his low, warning growls whenever any loud or unusual noise was heard. Fritz seemed to say, "Quiet, here," and to resent anything that might prove detrimental to the invalids.

"Where does Fritz so regularly spend his afternoons?" his mistress repeatedly queried; and finally one day he was watched and followed. You see that Fritz had a kind mistress who realized that even dogs sometimes like their freedom, to do as they wish and go where they like, and she did not cruelly compel her little pet to always be in subjection to her will, and even to whines, as do so many thoughtless, tyrannical people.

Soon the hospital had another visitor—this time a lovely woman—but no one knew that it was Fritz's mistress. That secret both the new visitor and the little doggie kept strictly to themselves. Shortly after her first call, a messenger boy one day left an envelope with some bank bills of generous denomination inclosed, and a slip of paper on which was written: "From Fritz."

Delicacies for the invalids, and clothing for some of the more needy patients also soon began to be received at the hospital, and they were invariably accompanied by the simple words: "From Fritz." All this, you see, was owing to the influence a very small dog exerted; it was the result of his good example.

But one afternoon Fritz failed to appear. Another and another passed, and still no Fritz. Then one of the nurses asked a policeman to try and find some tidings of the little Skye-terrier, for the sick children missed him greatly. The policeman failed to do so; perhaps it had been a lost child instead of a dog, he might have been more successful. But a message was received that very day from Fritz's mistress to the effect that the little dog had fallen from a stoop while playing with some children, and dislocated his thigh. The doctor that had been summoned advised that he be killed to end his sufferings; but to this his mistress would not consent, and therefore asked if some of the hospital doctors could not help the little fellow. At last the mystery concerning Fritz was dissipated.

Two members of the Seavey Hospital staff called upon their four-footed patient, and after seeing that the dislocated limb had been properly placed, and doing all they could to reduce the inflammation and assuage the pain, they incased the little dog's leg and thigh in plaster.

Few sick children have more tender nursing than Fritz's mistress gave her little dog during the long weeks in which he must be kept very quiet. When the plaster cast was finally taken off, and Fritz, "as good as new," was again permitted to find his way to the hospital, you may imagine the rejoicing among doctors, nurses, attendants, and, not least of all, among the sick and suffering children who had so greatly missed the little dog.

But Fritz must now do, or so his master and mistress seemed to think, even more for the comfort of those in the hospital, and invitations were sent by them, in the name of Fritz, to their friends, bidding them to a "lawn fair" that was to be held in the beautiful ground of the hospital; for in one of the hospital wards the sun streamed in too glaringly on hot summer days,

and this fair of Fritz's was to provide funds sufficient to purchase awnings for the windows. Of course it was a success, as might have been predicted; his master and mistress saw to that, though the little dog, resplendent in his newest, broadest and biggest bright ribbon bow securely fastened to his collar, was "the belle of the ball." The awnings were duly presented—another gift "From Fritz."

But now comes the "sorry" part of this true story. Fritz has sickened and died, despite all that could be done for him. The doctor made daily calls on the little fellow, and his master and mistress did all that lay in their power. Very tenderly was he laid to rest in a tiny but costly casket, and surely if ever a dog deserved the highest honors paid him, it was Fritz, who had for five years ministered as best he could to hundreds, yes, probably to thousands of sick and suffering children, and had led his mistress, through his silent and beautiful example, to herself take a deep interest in the



FRITZ.

hospital and its patients, and to give liberally to it of her abundant means, of her time and of her thoughts.

I may say that Fritz still lives, both in the memory of many, and through the influence of his precious example. If a little dog can accomplish such a vast amount of good, should it be a matter of surprise because I think that each member of our Happy Thought Clubs may do a great deal to make this world, or the people who live in it, happier and better? I believe that the amount of good we can all together accomplish is simply beyond human calculation. Is each member and each club doing everything that is within their power?

Below our readers will find an account of a day's pleasure, written by a young lad. It was a very harmless hunt in which his party of nine engaged, and I am confident very much more real pleasure was found than would have been had the game been helpless little birds or harmless animals, who enjoy life in their way, and have affection one for another in something the same manner that do human beings.

Master Early is not a member of our Happy Thought Club, but I am sure we should all appreciate it if he would join or organize a club in his city. And then perhaps we might hope to read other interesting accounts of good times, and good times enjoyed by one of our Happy Thought Clubs.

A TEXAS PECAN HUNT.

"All aboard!" was the cry we heard about five o'clock in the morning. The mules were at the door in the big wagon, and many minutes passed before all of the boys were up and dressed, for we were going on a pecan hunt. In ten minutes we were on the way. The weather was a little cool, for the frost had fallen the night before, but the mules were open.

There were nine people in our crowd. Three boys—John, George and myself—one girl—Mabel—father and mother, besides the cook, and two negro men who were to thrash the trees. The place we were going to was nearly twelve miles distant, but we made it in about two hours, for we had four mules hitched to the wagon. Several times we stopped on the road to give the mules water and for the boys to stretch their legs.

When we reached our destination the first thing we did was to unhitch the mules and tie them to a tree with stake ropes. The boys and the two negro men started out to look for a good tree to thrash the nuts from, while father, mother and little sister rested, and found a desirable place for dinner; then the cook built a fire which felt very comfortable. When they had stayed by the wagon about an hour, they thought it time to go and help gather the nuts, as they could help out them in the winter. When they arrived we boys were in high gear, for we had already filled one oak sack and begun on the second. We thrashed several trees that morning and gathered about three sacks full. They were so heavy that the men had to bring the mules to take them to the wagon; when they got back the cook prepared dinner. In about half an hour a small bell rang and they got up to behold a delightful dinner, consisting of hot corn bread, coffee, roast beef, butter, milk, spring water, sponge cake, light bread, a basket of apples, and preserves, with a box or two of confectionery to eat later in the day. The boys' appetites were excellent.

When all were through and the dishes washed, the boys, with the two men and the cook, started out again to gather more nuts, while the rest of the party stayed at the camp to rest for an hour more. About 4:30 o'clock the sleeping party awakened, and after eating some candy, started out after the hunters. They found us boys in not such high spirits as in the morning, for we had not gathered quite a sack full, but after a while we succeeded in filling our bag and the half of another one. Then we thought it almost time to return home, so, gathering up our treasures, we started for the wagon. When we had fixed up everything, and put the harness on the mules, we passed the candy around once more, sang some jolly songs, and then, giving a farewell to the place that we expected to visit again next year, away we went!

Going back was not as cheerful as coming out, for we boys were tired and actually hungry already! After a ride of about two hours and a half we saw our home and all began to sing "Home, Sweet Home."

The men drove around to the back of the house and unloaded. We got out, eat our supper and were soon in bed pleasantly dreaming of our day's work, and of the cold winter evenings when we would be sitting around the fire eating pecans and telling stories.

Written by MASTER DAVIS, of Waco, Texas, fifteen years old.

FIVE THOUSAND PRIZES.—To every organizer of the next five thousand Happy Thought Clubs, COLLIER'S WEEKLY offers a prize under the following conditions: Any book or books published by Mr. Collier to the value of \$2.50 will be given every organizer of a Happy Thought Club of ten members, provided he or she reports within ten days after seeing this announcement that a club has been formed. If within thirty days thereafter, or forty days from seeing this announcement a charter and ten badges, or ten from monthly subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which includes ten badges, shall have been ordered. Books to the value of \$5.00 will be awarded every organizer of a club of fifteen members or over who shall report within ten days after seeing this announcement just what progress has been made, and within fifteen days shall report the club as complete. If thirty days thereafter, or forty-five days after seeing this announcement, a charter and fifteen badges, or fifteen from monthly subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY shall have been ordered. A handsome gold badge will be given the organizer of a club of twenty members or over, who shall report within ten days after seeing this announcement what progress has been made, and within twenty days shall report the club as complete. If the charter and twenty badges, or twenty from monthly subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY shall have been received within

thirty days thereafter, or within fifty days after seeing this announcement. It will count equally on a prize if badges alone, or badges with four months' subscriptions shall be ordered; or a part of the members may order one and a part the other. The organizers of the first clubs completely equipped will be placed on our honor roll. COLLIER'S WEEKLY of October 31 contains very full instructions for organizing clubs.

CHARTER.—Our charter, size 18x24 inches, is really a handsome work of art, and is printed in colors. Every club will, I am sure, wish to have theirs framed. The price is \$1.00; or it will be sent free as a present, to any club the members of which shall have ordered, sent to any addresses, eight four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY. When ordering a charter, always send the names of those who assisted in organizing.

BADGES.—The price of the badges is fifty cents each; or a badge will be given free to any club member who shall send \$1.00 for a four months' subscription to COLLIER'S WEEKLY. The paper will be sent to any address, but the order must be received from a member of some Happy Thought Club, to whom the badge will be mailed.

COLORS.—Light purple, suggestive of royalty—the royalty of purpose and heart; light yellow, of sunshine; and white, of purity, are the Happy Thought Club colors.

EMBLEMS.—Pansies, emblematic of thoughts, and the sweet sultan of happiness, are our emblems. Our colors are those of the latter flower, and are also, of course, with many others, found in the pansy.

AIM.—The inspiration, cultivation and fruition of happy thoughts.

Address all communications to
THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB,
COLLIER'S WEEKLY,
521-549 West 13th Street,
New York City.

CHEAP FOREIGN AGAINST AMERICAN LABOR.

IS THE REMEDY TEMPORARY RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION?

A GRAVE condition of affairs confronts the people of this country owing to the large surplus of labor which exists in the domestic market. It is estimated by the Bureau of Labor that there are one million persons continually out of employment in the United States; and that, owing to this fact, the wages of the majority of those employed are greatly decreased.

This is a question of economics which no one can overlook. Many solutions of the problem have been proposed, and doubtless some of them are good ones. The only drawback in the case is that it will take too long to work them out and that they can be of no immediate relief to those who are so bitterly suffering. Between the development of machinery and the rapid growth of population, either through natural means or by immigration, the situation is likely to become more and more exaggerated.

The trivial increases of wages announced by the newspaper press during the last few months have meant practically nothing in the way of relief to the wage-workers, as they represent but a fraction of the amount which has been taken from them during the reductions of the past few years. In addition to this, these increases have affected but an infinitesimally small portion of the entire working population of the country.

It also appears that in many cases the increases have not been granted because the manufacturers could afford to pay the advance, but they have been wrung from them through the fear of the migration of their best mechanics to other centres if the demands were refused.

At the time the recent material advance in wages were made at the Olneyville woolen mills the Manufacturers' Club declared there was nothing in the condition of the market to justify it. The thousands of skilled weavers in that important centre were determined to have the advance, however, and owing to the fact that they could not easily be replaced and were leaving in great numbers for other places, the manufacturers gave in. In many cases the object and destitute condition of his employees has practically forced the manufacturer to make a slight increase, and in others political sentiment has led to the advance being given.

The situation at Olneyville had been bad for a number of years. Prices had been reduced time and again and work had become slack, so that the best men in the mills were only able to make an average of six or seven dollars per week. This wage to some of our newly arrived immigrants would appear absolute wealth, but the skilled weavers of Olneyville are practically all American, English, Scotch or Irish people. They have all conformed to the American standard of living. The articles consumed by them yield profit to those who in turn produce and sell them, thus benefiting the trade of the entire community.

Concerning the tariff on woolen goods it may be stated that the present schedule seems to meet with general approval from manufacturers. Very slight changes were made in 1894 from the McKinley tariff and not of sufficient importance to affect the domestic market. The manufacture of woolen goods may therefore be taken as a fair example of a well-protected American industry.

We come, then, to a point where we must ask, "Does protection alone, even in the shape of a heavy tariff, protect the wage-earner?"

During the past ten years the wages of the Olneyville operators have been reduced to one-half of what they were formerly. Part of the reduction is due to lower prices being paid for the work done, owing to the improvements in machinery, and part to loss of time by the workers through the more rapid production of the goods, and also owing to competition from other centres of the same trade. We now reach a point which has a vastly important bearing upon the question at issue: viz., the competition from other centres of similar industries in this country.

The woolen textile industry has been hitherto principally confined to the Eastern States, and for many years was the main dependency of a number of flourishing cities. In some places, it is true, a lower scale of wages prevailed than in others; but that was due to the use of antiquated machinery, or a poorer grade of products. In all these places there prevailed, until

recently, the prosperity for which New England is proverbial.

Four years ago a small plant was started at Passaic, N. J., for the manufacture of woolen goods. The proprietors were Germans, who brought with them a number of skilled operators from Germany to assume leading positions in the mills. The new venture soon developed into a success. Business was brisk, and a steady stream of immigrants commenced to pour into Passaic to take positions in the factory. They were nearly all Slavs and Hungarians, and many of them arrived at the local express office with tags on them, addressed to the Botany Mills. There are now in the neighborhood of six or seven thousand people employed by the concern, which is continually increasing its facilities and expects within the next two years to have at least fifteen thousand employees. No American or English-speaking person can obtain employment in this place, because within its walls the sound of their language is never heard. The immigrants are a docile and industrious people, willing to live upon a few cents per day and to work hard for a pittance.

The rate of wages at the Botany Mills may be estimated as certainly not higher than a half of that prevailing at Olneyville. In some cases adult women were found to receive only one dollar per week. The men were satisfied with three or four dollars per week. Even at these low figures the foreigners live well, according to their ideas, and send money home to bring relatives here to share their good fortune. Their manner of living, however, is little better than absolute savagery. Coarse bread, apples, and can beer—the latter a substitute for the cheap wine used by them at home—constitute their principal diet. This is varied by some mysterious stews concocted from the cheapest meat trimmings, and a few stale vegetables.

The business people of Passaic state that they derive no benefit whatever from the trade of these people. They are, in fact, a detriment, having supplanted the people who formerly were good and profitable customers to them. Jewish and Slav storekeepers have established themselves in the foreign colony, and supply the foreigners with about all they require. The native tradesmen complain that what they do sell these people is of the cheapest grade, and as it bears no profit, they would as soon be without such custom. Even in the matter of rent the foreigners manage to scalp prices to an alarming extent. A family occupying two rooms is often found accommodating from twelve to eighteen lodgers. Straw scattered on the floor forms a bed on which they are content to lie, huddled all together, with promiscuity of sex, and only covered with old garments and rags in the cold weather.

The effect of such methods of production as that in existence at Passaic must have a tremendous influence upon the manufacturers and wage-workers of such a centre of the woolen industry as Olneyville. It must engender a competition so keen that Olneyville will ultimately come down to the same level of wages as Passaic, unless the further introduction of this Southeastern European labor, which is worse than Chinese, is prevented.

The woolen industry has been cited as one illustration of the impossibility of preventing the degradation of American labor by means of a tariff alone. Some of the most killing competition in our leading industries comes from within the borders of the United States. For instance, the difference between the wages of iron-molders in New York and Pennsylvania is enormous. The price per day in Pittston is one dollar and thirty-five cents, while in New York City the prevailing rate of wages is from three dollars to three dollars and thirty cents per day.

The foreign proprietor of a large manufactory in this State recently stated to the writer his belief that fifty cents per day was a fair wage for his adult help. In his opinion they could live comfortably enough upon that sum in Brooklyn if they wished to do so. He pointed out significantly that the negroes of the South are glad to work for that sum and that in consequence manufacturers are moving their plants to that section as rapidly as possible. He said:

"We may as well face the fact now, as well as later, that thousands more will be out of work in the Northern and Eastern States as soon as the plants now being constructed in the South are in operation."

Considerable doubt is, however, expressed as to whether such an enormous surplus of population, willing to work for fifty cents per day, does actually exist in the South. As a matter of fact cotton mills are being erected there which will contain six hundred thousand spindles, while sugar, steel and other

plants are being constructed on a gigantic scale.

Should the South engage in manufacturing, in such a large way, however, she will speedily use up her surplus labor, and men willing to work for fifty cents a day will become scarce. In the meantime, nevertheless, the competition will produce the usual result in the way of lowering wages in the North.

It is owing to this probability that the American Federation of Labor at its recent convention decided to send organizers through the Southern States, considering it the field most necessary to be covered at the present time.

One of the oldest and most substantial manufacturers in New York when questioned as to his ideas on the labor question frankly stated that he saw no other way to stop the demoralization of our working classes than to restrict immigration for a term of years. He said:

"When a person is sick medicine is given him in place of food. We, as a nation, are certainly in a sick way, economically, and must, therefore, take some kind of medicine. I am in a position to know exactly where the shoe pinches many of the manufacturers of this country. The reputation of the concern of which I am the head stands unquestioned, but business is not what it ought to be because competition has become so keen in our branch of trade during the last few years. Manufacturers of foreign nationality have started in the same line here, employing cheap immigrant labor. These people copy our new designs as soon as they are out. Their men work sixteen and eighteen hours a day for half the amount that mine can live upon, and as they produce goods which can be substituted for the class made by us, I do not know what the outcome is going to be. We have already abandoned, altogether, the manufacture of certain lines of goods in which competition had become too keen."

INDIAN DOGS.

It is claimed by some of our natives that the original Indian dog descended from the grey wolf, coyote and fox, and that by long training it became a domestic animal.

In support of this statement it is a fact that the sign for dog in the Indian sign language, as given by Captain Clark in his book on that subject, is represented by a coyote hitched to a travois. Most of the Western tribes breed wild animals, such as the coyote and fox, to their mongrel dogs. In this manner they obtain an animal with all the cunning of the wild beast and the faithfulness of the dog; useful for hunting and watching.

Visiting an Indian village you are at once struck by the resemblance of the dogs to coyotes; there will be a vast number about, representing all varieties of breeds, snapping and snarling, but too cowardly to be harmful.

An Indian dog instinctively hates a white man, and I never saw a white man's dog but that disliked the sight or scent of an Indian. All Indians keep dogs for hunting purposes, while some have them to carry loads, and others for food. The dogs are trained to hunt with the children, catching rabbits and other small game, while the older Indians use them to hunt larger animals, running the latter down by scent as all nose hounds do. Naturally an Indian dog is not as tenacious as a blooded hound, and the trail must be warm before they will take to it. Deer are driven into the water by the dogs and there killed by the hunters; bears and cougars are driven up trees.

These dogs are all great thieves, learning the art, no doubt, from their masters. When camped near an Indian village close watch must be kept on all edible articles, for at all times the beasts will be lurking about your tent. I was curious to know how the dogs managed to live at certain seasons of the year, as in the spring when game is scarce, necessitating the Indians of the Northwest to live on moss found at the top of the pine trees; so I asked a "squaw-man" who had lived twenty years among the Kootenai Indians of Northern Idaho, and he informed me that they actually fished, just as a bear will. Sitting on the bank of a stream, perfectly still, they watch the clear water, and when an unsuspecting fish comes within reach of their paw they whip it out onto the bank with great skill, and then devour it. No doubt they also catch other game for food.

The practice of eating dogs was probably confined to tribes east of the Rocky Mountains, and this habit has almost disappeared, except in extreme cases of hunger. In some tribes a dog feast was a great event, and was always celebrated by a special dance before the spread. It is said that dog meat is very nutritious and an excellent food to prepare a person for great bodily exertion.



Those who have learned to know the difference between a wheel that actually is high grade, and one that is simply claimed to be. Others may be good, but the Waverley is the Highest of all High Grades. A new Waverley Scorchers is offered to each person who recovers a stolen Waverley during 1896, payable upon presentation to us of satisfactory proof of the facts and the sentence of the thief. This reward is open to every one excepting the owner of the stolen wheel, but is not payable to more than one person in any case. INDIAN BICYCLE CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

As beasts of burden use is made of the dogs by hitching them to a small travois, and by lashing packs to their backs to the weight of thirty pounds. Travelers in Alaska report that the native dog is the only carrying animal found in the interior; they are of a large size, resembling somewhat the greyhound.

LIEUTENANT.

HOUSEKEEPING HERESIES.

BY ELEANOR W. F. BATES.

In divers ways we housekeepers make our own paths rough, our burdens weighty, our skies cloudy, and all because our grandmothers formerly did so or our present neighbors now do.

Take the tradition of carpets. Why do we have carpets at all?—dusty, damageable articles, costly to buy, hard to take care of and hideous in their last stages. A distant voice murmurs: "But we don't have carpets nowadays; we have rugs and polished floors."

Any one who fondly imagines a polished floor easier to cure for than a carpet is welcome to rest sweetly in that delusion; and as for rugs, a rug is simply a smaller carpet with all its diabolical ingenuity in catching dust, retaining germs and smells and wearing to shreds. If it be large, it exhausts one's strength to shake it; if small, it reveals its criminal nature by forever kicking up, rolling up corners and causing the foot of man to stumble. The voice which spoke before inquires why, instead of vituperation, a remedy is not offered? The remedy is plain, not far to seek, and efficacious. Abolish all carpets, even those existing under the specious name of rugs. Let the poor woman paint, the rich woman oil her floors; and insist upon every individual dropping the outside shoes at the door, as do the Chinese, and assuming soft, thick slippers. This does away with noise, creates warmth, and measurably diminishes scratches, dust and microbes.

I wonder how many are firmly possessed with the notion that they must always stir cake one way and roll pastry from them? As for the cake, it may be stirred one way—and then another way, according to the time and muscle employed. Yet we were "brought up" to suppose that if the spoon once retraced its own steps, so to speak, ruin, devastation and bankruptcy would follow; but I boldly assert that since we were emancipated from that tradition we make better cake than ever before. As to rolling out pie-crust, a professional cook has been seen to perform the act so enthusiastically as to roll it quite over the edge of the table. It is said that women cook solely for men, their own sex caring but little what they eat; if any man I cook for can tell, when he comes to eat it, whether my pie-crust was rolled north, south, east or west, I will present him with my best bonnet to have and to hold, his heirs and assigns forever.

Then there is the folly of blacking stoves. Why women black stoves passes comprehension. It adds neither to the stove's beauty nor usefulness nor length of days. A stove in its best estate is ungainly, frowning and inartistic; it is oftentimes like its owner—good but not pretty. Why break one's back, spot one's floor, darken one's fingers with that invention of the enemy, stove-blackening? Why not be contented with dusting and occasionally washing, oiling slightly if the stove be unused for a length of time? I pause for a reply, and get it. Myriads of housewives are offering me this excellent reason: "We always did black stoves and we always shall."

Dare I say anything about the preposterous, ungraceful, expensive "bosom shirts" which my housewifely sisters starch, shake, clap, iron, rub and polish every week of their lives? Why do men wear these hideous things? Not for warmth; not for beauty. They are quite as absurd a garment as the most frivolous, empty-headed woman. They have not the slightest excuse for being, and the weekly toil of making them presentable is something tremendous. Against this

unnecessary labor I exasperately, if hopelessly, protest, and against it I will die protesting.

What enemy to her sex invented French hemming? Who first frittered away valuable time in binding inner edges of seams, instead of the neat, rapid, effectual overcasting? Why are we tormented, at this present writing, with slippery, insecure, unbecoming hooks and eyes for dress-fastenings, instead of buttons, which are both useful and ornamental? Imagine a man fastening his overcoat with hooks and eyes; then, sisters, why need we adopt the evasive things? Why—

Why continue? The wastes and wrongs are too numerous to mention; yet, while memory of hours and days spent in unintelligent, unproductive labor still stings, will I continue to revolt, though it be without the faintest hope of reform.

ORIENTAL JUSTICE.

MR. THEODORE BENT in the *Contemporary Review* describes Muscat, which, like other places, is now reformed and semi-civilized. Mr. Bent says:

"When we first visited Muscat, seven years ago, the Sultan's palace was more interesting than it is now. When the warden opened the huge gate with its massive brass knobs you found yourself alongside the iron cage in which a lion was kept; adjoining this cage was another in which prisoners were put for their first offense. If this offense was repeated the prisoner was lodged in the cage with the lion at the time when his meal was due. In the good old days of Sultan Sa'ed this punishment was very commonly resorted to, as also were cruel mutilations on the shore in public, tying up in sacks and drowning and other horrors; but British influence has abolished all these things, and the lion, having died, has not been replaced."

There is more heroism in the youth who resigns his dreams of ambition and refuses the opportunity of distinguishing himself because an aged parent or dependent brothers and sisters need his presence than in one who goes onward, reaping triumph and fame at every step.

WHERE TO FIND GAME.

Where to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in gamey fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates.

For circular showing fishing and gunning resorts reached by the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Scott, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

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